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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1895.



MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is hypnotism to be recognized as a factor in crime?

This question, which has latterly aroused a vast amount of earnest discussion in this country and in Europe, has been answered in the affirmative by Kansas. In that State Thomas McDonald, having killed Thomas Patton, alleged that he had done the deed under the hypnotic influence of Anderson Gray, his employer. Gray is a rich farmer; McDonald was his farm hand, and Patton, the murdered man, had sometime before incurred Gray's enmity. Gray was arrested on McDonald's accusation, tried, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death, while McDonald was discharged.

HERE is a direct recognition of the irresponsibility of the hypnotized subject, such as has not yet been accorded in this State. Our code does not recognize hypnotism as one of the chief factors in crime. Yet there is little doubt that some legislation on the subject must soon come here, and in most of the States of the Union. The sentence of Anderson in Kansas will meantime serve as a healthy check upon amateur hypnotists all over the country.

THE first thing to be done is to make the practice of hypnotism illegal everywhere by any except medical practitioners and psychologists of the best standing. Merely to restrict it by a fine, as has been done in some Western cities, is not sufficient. The innocent and weak-minded must be protected.

THE American Association of Psychologists, which was recently in session at Princeton, N. J., discussed hypnotism pretty thoroughly, and denied that persons in a hypnotic state can perform acts to which they are not inclined when in a normal state of mind. In other words, the American Association of Psychologists affirms that a hypnotized man will not commit crime unless he is an habitual criminal.

It will be interesting to hear the comments of these psychologists upon the Kansas case. In this instance McDonald, who did the shooting under the hypnotic suggestion of Gray, was declared to "have been lacking in any attribute which might be spurred into viciousness." If all the facts in this singular case have been given, they do not tend to prove the theories enunciated at the Princeton Convention.

DR. LADD of Yale made a curious and interesting point at this convention. He declared that whenever a

person is hypnotized a part of his original mental self remains with him. The existence of two entirely different personalities within one person, he said, is an impossibility; and Dr. Je-kyl and Mr. Hyde, embodied in one, can exist in fiction alone. Had Mr. Du Maurier been a scientist, literature would, he declares, never have seen the pleasing and pathetic figure of "Triby."



THE mortal remains of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor were removed at six o'clock on the morning of December 28 from the residence at Cliveden, England, for transportation to the railroad station, on the way to America. As the solitary funeral car, with a single lamp lighted, traversed the dark avenue of the park of Cliveden, Mr. Astor stood in the doorway alone, with the servants grouped behind him, and silently watched it until the light of the lamp faded from his view. Mr. Astor accompanied the body of his wife on the steamship to this city.

KITTY TIRRELL, leading actress at a London theatre, fell dead while playing in the pantomime "Dick Whittington" a few evenings ago, just after she had spoken the line: "His road to fortune he'll pave o'er my corse." Her husband, who played King Rat in the piece, had to continue his role as if nothing had happened.

THE people of Sacramento talk of reviving the "Vigilantes," to clear the city of the bold criminals who now infest it.

THE Adventists of Michigan are preparing once more for the approaching end of the world. I hope that it will not come before we have had another season of prosperity.

THE national bankers insisting that their charter rights would be violated by the clause in the Currency bill, now before Congress, which requires existing banks to come under the new system before next July, Chairman Springer of the House Committee on Banking and Currency explains that this provision is not to be embodied in the bill. The adoption of the new system would be optional for all old banks.



THE Queen of Madagascar beseeches President Cleveland to help her against the French. But the present Administration will have no more to do with "island queens." Its Hawaiian experiences are quite sufficient.

THE City of Mexico has been terror-stricken by frequently recurring earthquakes, which began on December 30. On that day a severe shock caused a panic in the Arben Theatre, and thousands of persons knelt in the streets and prayed for deliverance.

HERE is the story of as true a hero as ever trod battlefield or deck of warship. Yet he was but a simple cloakmaker on the East Side. When the strike now causing so much misery was started this man, the most expert sample cloakmaker in the city, had several hundred dollars in bank.

His heart bled at the spectacle of the misery around him, and three weeks later he had not a cent. He had spent all his savings in succoring starving mothers and children, while their husbands and fathers kept up the strike. When he had thus generously reduced himself to poverty, a proposition came to him from his employer that if he would leave the Cloakmakers' Union and resume work he would be paid one thousand dollars in cash and an agreement would be made with him guaranteeing him steady employment at twenty dollars a week. This offer was refused with scorn. He fell into the same suffering as the poor people, some of whom he had so nobly befriended. Presently he became ill from want, and one bleak day last December he died. He had literally laid down his life to save the weaker ones.

Will there be an extra session of the Fifty-fourth Congress? Perhaps the recent talk about it is intended merely to arouse the Congress now in session from its lethargy. In case an extra session should be called, one of the first bills passed would be for the repeal of the income tax.

ISMAIL PACHA, ex-Khedive of Egypt, and grandson of Mehmet Ali, is dying at Constantinople. He was in power when work was begun on the Suez Canal.

BROOKLYN's fatal trolley accidents are becoming scandalously numerous. The total number of deaths from the electric car is now ninety, and every week brings its accident.

DOUGLAS PUTNAM, who died in Marietta, O., December 20, in his eighty-ninth year, was the oldest living descendant, in the direct line, of Major-General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame.

THERE is much wisdom in that remark of the *Vossische Zeitung* that Germany can win no laurels in a tariff war with this country.

CHIEF BRENNAN, of the Sixth Battalion of the Fire Department of this city, and Assistant Foreman Rooney met death like heroes while fighting fire in a manufactory in West Twenty-third Street December 29. Several other firemen were severely injured, and the escape of a party of them by heaving their way from one floor to another, with the terrible fire roaring behind them, was highly dramatic and thrilling.

THE Constitution, the "Old Ironsides" which Holmes celebrated in a sparkling lyric many years ago, is to be repaired and taken to Washington, which will be her permanent station.

THE sacred codfish which has so long hung from the base of the State House dome in Massachusetts is not, as was proposed, to form one of the features of the new meeting-place of the popular branch of the Massachusetts State Government; and the elders of Boston are alarmed at this departure from the tradition.

THE discriminating duties upon imports enacted by the Wilson bill are likely to bring retaliatory measures from France and Spain, as well as from Germany. Spain is angry because of the reimposition by the United States of a duty on cane sugar. But she has more to lose than to gain by retaliation.

POLICE COMMISSIONER MARTIN of this city announces his intention of resigning his office. The investigations of the Lexow Committee seem to have put a good many police officials into a frame of mind for resignation.

THE Lexow Committee investigation is over, and the report to the Legislature will doubtless recommend some sweeping changes. The exposures of the wholesale corruption in the police department, while they have been humiliating for New York, will have a wholesome effect. Some of the worst culprits will evidently escape unpunished; but the spectacle of their confusion on the witness stand has been almost as edifying to the public as the open confession of their guilt would have been.

THE testimony of Superintendent Byrnes, on the closing day, was extremely interesting. It pointed directly to the interference of the Police Commissioners as the chief obstacle to reform. The Legislature will be somewhat puzzled by the varying claims of the advocates of single-headed and bi-partisan commissioners; but it is to be hoped that, enlightened by recent disclosures, it may make a wise decision.

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES placed his resignation in the new Mayor's hands, his stated reason being a desire not to embarrass the new executive, and to escape from the annoyance of a further struggle to accomplish necessary reforms. Weariness of criticism also had something to do with it. Whether Mayor Strong will accept the resignation or not remains to be seen. Opinions are certainly divided as to whether the examination of Mr. Byrnes was as thorough as it might have been. Dr. Parkhurst evidently believes it was not, and charges that a "deal" was made by which Mr. Byrnes was spared on condition of aiding the investigation. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the Superintendent's examination was delayed till the last moment.

THE testimony of the Inspectors, who denied everything, has added somewhat to metropolitan gayety. Henceforth the language has a new equivalent for the phrase "castles in Spain." One can speak of his "building lots in Japan."

MAYOR STRONG began his official duties at the City Hall January 1. He is fulfilling his promise to choose good men. His appointment of Colonel George E. Waring to be Commissioner of Street Cleaning is worthy of all praise. Colonel Waring is a distinguished sanitary engineer, a practical man, and one who is not afraid of politicians—all good points in his favor.

GOVERNOR MORTON was inaugurated January 1 at Albany with simple ceremonies. One of the last official acts of Governor Flower was a sharp refusal to pardon John Y. McKane.



IN the address delivered before the American Economic Association in this city, recently, Worthington C. Ford, chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, pointed out that wherever the trade of the Orient has centered in the past great opulence and political power have followed it. That trade belongs to New York. I wonder if she will have the sense to grasp it?

BEFORE the same association, Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, reviewed the lessons of the Chicago strike, which he claimed had demonstrated to the satisfaction of the public at large the right and the power of the Federal Government, while not interfering in the operation or control of strikes themselves, to send its troops into a State for the purpose of protecting Federal interests, whether that protection was or was not asked by the State's Government.

HAMILTON FISH, son of the late distinguished statesman of the same name, has been elected Speaker of the Assembly of this State, and the forces of Platt seem to have triumphed. But a lively opposition to the machine is promised and the wily Tiogan may yet be astonished at the extent of the opposition to his plans.

THE eloquent voice of the Grand Old Man of England has been raised in denunciation of Turkish tyranny in Armenia. Addressing a delegation of the Anglo-Armenian Association and delegates from many Armenian communities, at Hawarden on December 29, his eighty-fifth birthday, the venerable statesman said that if the allegations of massacre were true, "a Government which can countenance and cover the perpetration of these outrages is a disgrace to Mohammed, whom the Turks profess to follow; a disgrace to civilization at large, and a curse to mankind."

MR. GLADSTONE believes that the sins and abominations of the Turks in Bulgaria in 1876 have been recently repeated in Armenia. But he says that he must await the result of the official investigation before he takes an active part in Turkey's correction. Meantime Armenia is striking back at Turkey, as the assassination of the Governor of Bitlis shows.

PROFESSOR EDWARD DICEY says that he believes the story of the Armenian massacres is grossly exaggerated. He fears the results of a Russian occupation of Armenia. It would, he thinks, lead to a similar step in regard to Persia, and then the shoe would begin to pinch the British foot. Mr. Dicey may have superior facilities for judging, but Americans will prefer to think with Mr. Gladstone rather than with Mr. Dicey. The latest reports indicate that fifteen thousand persons were massacred.

IT looks as if England and Russia were preparing to coerce Turkey, perhaps by a naval demonstration so powerful that it will admit of no argument. It is possible that this will be the prelude to joint operations by the same two Powers in the Far East; and if France can reconcile her differences with England she may join in the movement.

FRANCE is somewhat agitated by squabbles in home politics just now. The election of M. Henri Brisson as president of the Chamber of Deputies greatly encourages the Radical party, which has already shown marked hostility to the Conservative policy followed by President Casimir-Perier, and will be a fruitful source of trouble in foreign politics. M. Brisson is austere and incorruptible, but radical enough even to rally the Socialists to his banner.

THE War Minister, General Mercier, who has made himself famous by the clever way in which he trapped the sly Dreyfus, and by the relentless manner in which he followed him to conviction, has been manifesting Boulangistic tendencies, and may suddenly lead the country to adventure. He has just signalized himself by insisting upon drinking the health of the Czar Nicholas at a banquet where it should only have been done by the President, in presence of the Russian Ambassador. He may suddenly announce himself as the "man on horseback" for which the French people are always looking.

THE New Year opens with a hopeful outlook, commercially and industrially, in most European countries. Trade is reviving; the prospects of war are no greater than they have been at any time in the last six months. Germany and Italy seem likely to be disturbed within. The dissatisfaction with the Imperial policy in Germany is deep and menacing; the Kaiser will have to learn not to treat the Confederate kingdoms and duchies as if they were alien countries over which Prussia had established a Protectorate.

THERE are rumors that the breach between the impetuous young Emperor and the monarchs of the South German States is already well-nigh irreparable. A hurried visit of the King of Saxony to the German capital

is instanced as proof that sharp debate is in progress. The truth is that Saxony and one or two other countries of the Empire fear lest the repressive legislation on which the Emperor insists may cause revolution within their borders. They are weary of his imperious as well as Imperial pretense of omniscience in everything relating to German affairs.

IF they were suddenly to make up their minds that the German Confederation could exist quite as well without an Emperor as with one, Wilhelm's golden dream might come to a hasty conclusion.

IN Italy all the tendencies are toward Revolution. Crispi stands in the breach; but one day he will disappear, and then the hungry, overtaxed, official-ridden masses will take matters into their own hands. Of course they will make a mess of it at first. But it is hardly probable that they will create any scandals so repulsive as those quite recently probed in Italy.

THE Income Tax Collectors are evidently doomed to a considerable spell of waiting. The necessary appropriation for collection expenses is encountering much opposition in Congress.

MISS EMILY L. GERRY, daughter of Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and once Vice-President of the United States, died in New Haven, Conn., December 29, aged ninety-two. She was connected with many patriotic organizations, and for more than fifty years had been a prominent figure in New Haven society.

NO one knows exactly how much influence recent changes in Russia have had to do with the present strained relations between the Southern Slavs in Austria and the Hungarians; but it is thought that the menace of Pan Slavism has been more apparent of late, and this always makes the Hungarians wild. They are just now in a very unpleasant frame of mind against Emperor Francis-Joseph, who has forced out of office the most popular Premier that they have had for a generation.

THIS Premier, Dr. Weyerle, is a man of extraordinary talents and prudence. He might lead Hungary into a collision with Austria to-morrow; but he is wise enough to see how much injury he would thus do his country. Yet the passions of the nation may bear him along on their current to actions of which his judgment cannot approve.

THE new Czar has caused a general relaxation of the press censorship in Russia, and in consequence of it many applications for permission to found new journals have been received. But it appears that the rumor of the abolition of the secret police was untrue. He has amnestied thousands of political prisoners.

THE English Tories are confidently looking forward to success in the next general election, and have already arranged that Mr. Balfour shall be Premier, Lord Salisbury in the Foreign Office, and several Unionists in important Cabinet positions. They believe that Rosebery's "revolutionary projects" are doomed. But possibly they may find themselves mistaken.

IT is claimed that the law against espionage lately laid before the French Chamber by the Minister of War, to permit of the penalty "of death against traitors," would enable a Ministry, if it happened not to be over-scrupulous, to get rid of any inimical person by trumping up charges against him. It contains, besides the provision for the death penalty in capital cases, an article inflicting long imprisonment and heavy fine on any person who, even without intent to spy, is found to have in his possession documents relating to the national defense, unless authorized to have them. This is calculated to make the hair of statisticians bristle with fright.

THE leaders of the Populist party, in conference at St. Louis, have decided upon an educational campaign. They will invoke the aid of women everywhere. A motion to debar Socialists from membership in the party was defeated.

PHILADELPHIA is stirred to the depths of her historic calm by a municipal investigation which is said to promise "richness."

THE noted Jerome Park, near this city—the "nursery of American racing"—is to be turned into a city reservoir. It was opened to the public in 1866 by the late Leonard W. Jerome, father of Lady Randolph Churchill.

THE gloomy old brick mansion in Lafayette Square, Washington, in which the assault was made on Secretary Seward and his son on the night of President Lin-

coln's assassination, and where James G. Blaine died, is to be torn down and a theatre will grace its site.

THE impression prevails in European diplomatic circles that Japan will not insist upon onerous terms of peace with China, further than the payment of a large war indemnity.

THE selection of Hon. John W. Foster, who was Secretary of State under President Harrison, by the Chinese peace commissioners as their counsel in their negotiations with Japan is spoken of with approval by the Japanese Minister here. Mr. Foster is an able international lawyer, and has wide diplomatic experience.

THE United States Government will demand satisfaction from China for the violation of her promise given in regard to the surrender of the Japanese spies at Shanghai. Instructions to that effect have already been sent to Minister Denby. The great Powers are arranging for concerted action in case of any Chinese uprising against foreigners.

REV. DR. TALMAGE is to preach hereafter in New York City, but he will remain a resident of Brooklyn. Dr. Talmage says that he feels good for "twenty years more of hard work."

THE famous Delavan House at Albany was burned on the night of December 30, many persons, among them the candidates for the speakership of the new Legislature, having narrow escapes. Sixteen persons are said to have been burned. There seems to have been an almost total lack of precautions against fire.

PRESIDENT GILDER, of the Tenement-House Commission, says that his report will attack no individuals or corporations, but solely the evils of the present condition. I hope that it will also suggest an adequate remedy.

EX-U. S. SENATOR FAIR, one of the "bonanza millionaires," died of asthma in San Francisco December 29. He leaves an estate of about forty million dollars. He was at one time a partner with Mackay, Flood & O'Brien, the noted bonanza firm.

SHARP attacks upon John Burns seem the order of the day. The latest was made in the joint convention of the operators and miners of the Pittsburgh Railroad coal district. A member of the convention denounced Mr. Burns as a slanderer of this country.

THE English Anarchist Mowbray was recently arrested and held at Philadelphia for making "incendiary speeches."

THE Metropolitan Hotel, once a showplace of this city, and built forty years ago to rival the Astor House, has been sold for one million six hundred thousand dollars. It is said that the purchasers intend to erect a business structure on the site. With the hotel will probably disappear "Niblo's Garden," one of the oldest theatres in the city.

WITH the New Year John McBride succeeded Samuel Gompers as president of the American Federation of Labor. The new president will remove the headquarters of the Federation to Indianapolis. Mr. Gompers says that his work for several years had been hard and exacting; but that he enjoyed it, and will continue to take a deep interest in the Federation.

THE extreme cold of late December caused havoc in the Florida orange groves. A total loss of fifteen hundred thousand boxes and partial loss on five hundred thousand boxes is reported.

MRS. AMELIA JANKS BLOOMER, who introduced the Bloomer costume for women, died recently at her home in Council Bluffs, Ia.

AN address favoring a treaty of arbitration between England and the United States, signed by three hundred and fifty-four members of the British Parliament, has been sent to President Cleveland.

THE first railroad in the country to substitute electricity for steam will be the Baltimore and Lehigh (the old Maryland Central), now being extended to York, Pa.

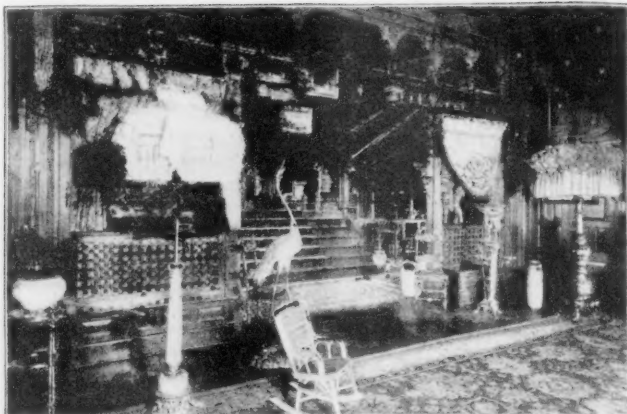
THE Wild West and the Forepaugh shows are to be consolidated next season, with one million dollars' capital.

THE great tower at Wembley Park, near London, built to rival the Eiffel tower, is likely, it is said, to become a memorial of the bankruptcy of the company which undertook its erection.

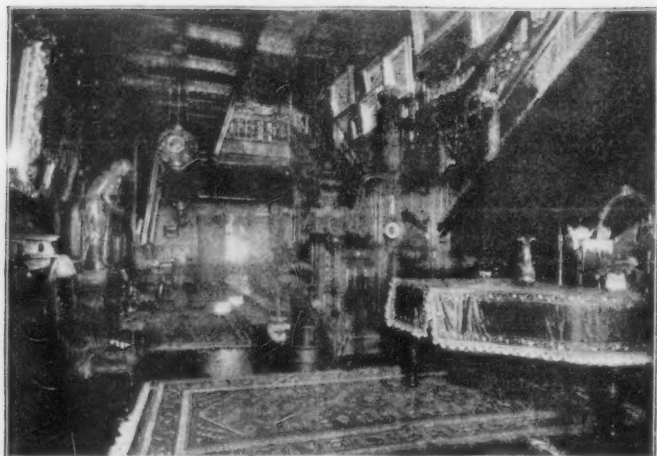




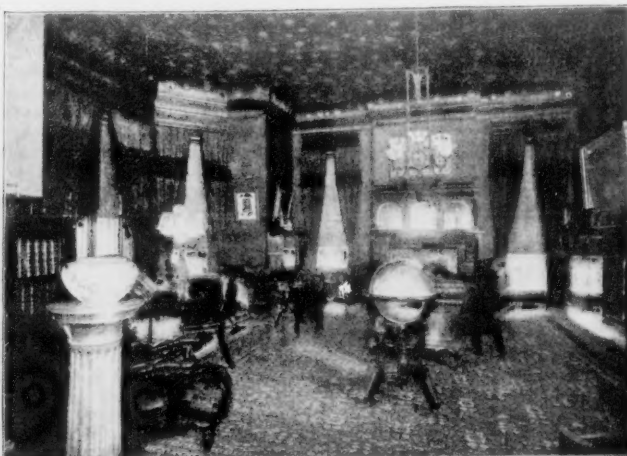
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE.



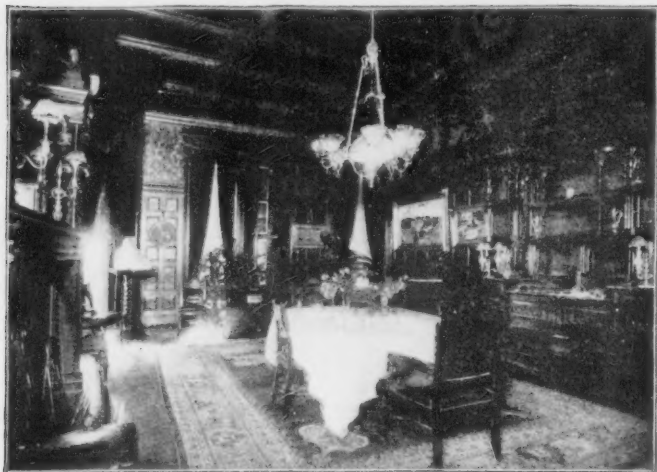
THE MAIN HALL.



THE INNER HALL.



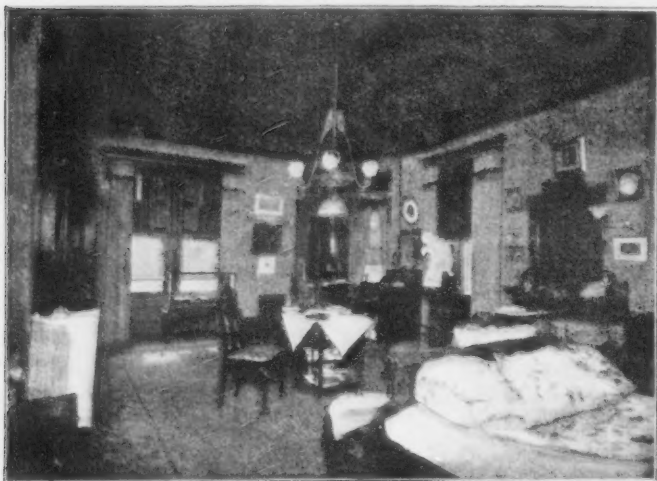
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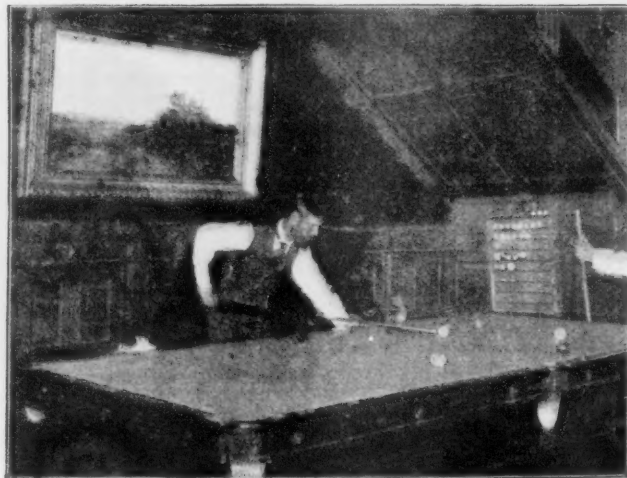
THE DINING ROOM.



MR. GOULD'S PRIVATE OFFICE.



THE BEDROOM.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.

ARDSLEY TOWERS, THE HOME OF MR AND MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

(See page 10.)



THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

(From a recent photograph.)

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was not aided to recovery of his health by his recent trip round the world; and, although since his return to London he has somewhat improved, the partial paralysis which has set in is thought likely to terminate fatally. The leading journals of London express their deep regret that the political career of so brilliant a leader and so aggressive a politician should be brought to an untimely end.

The eminent young statesman is now in his forty-fifth year. He is the second son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough by his marriage with Lady Frances Anne Emily, eldest daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry. Educated at Oxford, where he already displayed those qualities in debate which afterward made him famous, he entered Parliament in 1874, and remained there until 1885, first representing Woodstock, and next Birmingham.

After 1880 he became conspicuous by his warm opposition to the Liberals, and led what was called the "Fourth Party." In 1885 he stood high enough in Conservative ranks to be offered the position of Secretary of State for India; and he performed the duties of that office with such skill that he was spoken of as possible Tory leader. The annexation of Upper Burmah was accomplished while he held the Indian Secretaryship. Lord Randolph's name was then on every tongue; his

speeches filled columns in every leading journal; the country looked for his speedy rise to supreme leadership, and spoke of him as certain to wear the mantle of Beaconsfield.

When the Liberals returned to power in 1885, Lord Randolph resigned his office, after having taken an active part in the struggle before the elections. Back into political life he went again, at the end of six months, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. His course was steadily upward, when, greatly to the surprise of his supporters and opponents, he resigned his office, and, retiring definitely from politics, set off on a journey to South Africa, visiting the new lands which have since been developed and colonized, and writing letters concerning their resources and their future to a London illustrated journal. His course was much commented on, and many speculations, most of them groundless, were indulged in as to the reasons for it. Possibly the shadow of illness had already fallen across the able leader's path, and had impelled him to turn aside from action. He re-entered public life for a time on his return to England, but was compelled by illness to withdraw, and gave up his house, and resided with his mother. Incipient paralysis of the tongue is said to have caused the failure of one of his speeches during his last brief Parliamentary season; and the shock which

he received from the jeering and unsympathetic comments of his enemies doubtless determined him to retire definitely.

Lord Randolph married, in 1874, a daughter of the late Leonard W. Jerome, of this city, a lady who at once took, by reason of her beauty and talents, a high place, which she has always maintained, in English society. Her work in connection with the Primrose League brought her prominently into public notice.

A LONDON illustrated weekly journal is equipping an expedition to explore Nova Zembla, in the interests of science and the picturesque.

THE fall of Li Hung Chang, so long China's leading statesman, is announced. If Li had paid more attention to organizing his army in European style, and less to amassing wealth, he would have escaped his present plight.

THE marriage of the young Khedive of Egypt with Lady Ikbal Hanum is shortly to take place. The bride is a Circassian of great beauty and intellect; and the Khedive wishes her to depart from the customs of the harem, and to appear in public and accompany him on journeys. Women's rights are making their way even in Egypt.

THE INFLUENCE OF LONDON ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.

ONE of the questions that has been put to me as a student of the stage is this: Is the taste of the American and the British public the same, and if not, where lies the difference?

The question is perhaps a little more perplexing than it seems. At the first blush a stranger in New York, studying the stage of New York, might very well believe that the taste of the American playgoing public was in one respect exceedingly like the taste of the London playgoing public. A hasty glance at the principal New York plays of to-day and yesterday and to-morrow would seem to show that New York playgoers have a passion for London plays. A Londoner suffering from nostalgia might for a while console himself, might cheat his fancy into the belief that he was back again by the Thames merely by reading a list of the plays in which New York takes—or lately has taken—delight.

There seems to be a mania for the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, for instance, in spite of protests in the columns of one of your contemporaries. My friend, Mr. John Drew, has just concluded a long career in New York as the impossible Prime Minister of "The Bumble Shop." "The Masqueraders" thrills and teases at another playhouse, and now Mr. Jones's last play, "The Case of the Rebellious Susan," invites investigation upon an American platform. It would certainly seem as if New York liked Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in a very comprehensive spirit. If it likes all these plays with an equal liking, it applauds him more than I can applaud him. I did not like "The Bumble Shop," with its grotesque pictures of English political life and its caricatures of the customs of the House of Commons. I did like "The Masqueraders," or perhaps I should say that I liked the first and third acts of "The Masqueraders." I did not like "The Case of the Rebellious Susan." The first night of "The Case of the Rebellious Susan" was the last first night I was present at before I left London. I thought the play uninteresting—even tiresome.

Some of this effect was due to the acting. Miss Moore made Lady Susan too colorless; Mr. Wyndham made Sir Richard Kato too monotonous. Afterward, in reading the privately printed text of the play, it seemed to me that under other conditions it might have afforded better entertainment, and I shall be curious to see how far the American performance may support that belief. In any case, the wondering Londoner arriving in New York immediately finds himself confronted with a three-faced problem of Mr. Jones's merits and Mr. Jones's defects, and can only assume that Mr. Jones is as important a dramatic personality in New York as in London. At another theatre the problem of Mr. Sidney Grundy offered itself instead of any American problem. I saw "The New Woman" in London and had no desire to see it again, but its temporary existence here was another curious proof of American interest in any London novelty.

At another theatre Mr. Pinero was, until very lately, represented by "The Amazons." At another theatre Miss Rose Coghlan presented a succession of established English pieces. At still another old London players like the Kendals offer an old London play like "Lady Clancarty." At another Wilson Barrett produces "The Manxman," and follows it up with "Claudian." The latest Adelphi success in London, "The Fatal Card," is brought over; so is another, "The Cotton King." Mr. Beerbohm Tree is coming to New York with his company and a selection from his repertory. Mrs. Langtry is touring in the States and will appear in New York later on.

What a catalogue of English plays and English players is this, and what a passion it would seem to argue on the part of the New York public for English plays and English players! Such a passion—did it exist—would go far to establish a similarity of taste between the playgoing public of London and the playgoing public of New York.

But I do not think that there is any passion upon the part of the New York public for English plays merely as English plays, or for English players merely as English players. Consideration of the second part of this question—the attitude of New York toward transatlantic players—has an importance of its own, and I reserve its consideration for another time. But I think that the readiness which New York shows to welcome every fresh production of the London stage is not necessarily a proof of a similarity of dramatic taste in the two cities, or of an extravagant admiration of English plays. New York is so far Athenian that it is always eager for some new thing, and it welcomes the new thing from across the ocean because the new thing does not seem to offer itself on this side of the ocean.

I think that the existing predominance of the English play in this country is to be deplored from the point of view of an American playgoer, just as the predominance of the French play was until lately to be deplored in London by the London playgoer. It would be matter for regret if the New York playgoer had any comprehensive admiration for the British drama, as it at present exists, or as it existed until quite lately; just as I should think it a very bad thing for the London playgoer to manifest comprehensive admiration for the British drama as it existed until quite lately.

Until very recently there was no British drama in any sense at all worthy of the name. Such original work as was put upon the stage was either too trivial, too conventional, or too commonplace and mechanical, to be regarded as any contribution to a great art. The solitary exception is "Beau Austin," the work of the dead poet Louis Stevenson and of the living poet William Ernest Henley, and "Beau Austin" was staged for much too short a time for its beauty and its humor to influence the London playhouse and the London playgoer profoundly. Such promise of renewal as the British stage has shown has been since the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," or perhaps, to move the possibility a peg further back, since the production of "The Crusaders." It must of course be understood here that I am speaking of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" solely as a contribution to the art of the stage and with no consideration, for the moment, of any ethical questions it may address to the intelligence of

the spectator or any moral problems that it may propound in its passage from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Those questions and those problems are, for the moment, by the way. Until the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Crusaders" neither Mr. Pinero nor Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had done any work that called for serious consideration as contributions to a drama worthy of the name. Mr. Pinero had been a prolific playwright before the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had been a prolific playwright before the production of "The Crusaders." But both were distinctly playwrights—if one may admit for convenience sake the use of that term as a term implying something different to and inferior to a dramatist.

Mr. Pinero had tried his hand at various experiments. His whimsicalities of farce, "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and their fellows had their merits. They were not conveyed from the French; they were clean; they were straightforward, unequivocal; they made for mirth without trafficking in innuendo. They had many of the qualities of the comedies of Labiche except the sovereign quality of genius; they were often as frankly funny as Labiche's work, with a fun that commends itself more directly to the Saxon mind; but the unconquerable difference was this, that Labiche's plays were masterpieces and that Pinero's were not. Labiche may not insensibly be spoken of with Molière; but no one in the days that passed would have said Pinero and Sheridan, or even Pinero and Congreve.

There were those who admired the amiability of "Sweet Lavender," who tasted a sermon and discerned strength in "The Profligate," and who detected an approach to realism in "Lady Bountiful." Like Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones had experimented in various fields of the familiar, had reeled from melodrama to melodrama, had attenuated the extravagances and intensified the method of "The Silver King" in "Judah" and "The Middleman," had, if I remember rightly, won the applause of Mr. George Moore for the originality of "Saints and Sinners," and at all times and seasons had harangued the world as to the way plays ought to be done and the work plays ought to do.

These two writers were, as indeed they are still, the most conspicuous and the most successful of their kind. They did not separately or conjointly make a British drama, they did not separately or conjointly add any glory to its record; they were always creditable craftsmen, they were sometimes more than merely creditable craftsmen. They were the best we had.

It is to Mr. Jones's credit that he was the first to appreciate the importance of the new breath that had been breathed into the drama by Ibsen, of the new ideas that had been aroused by the study of Ibsen. It is of no consequence, of no pertinence to consider, here and now, whether Ibsen did not merely expand the formula of Dumas, and carry on the tradition of Scribe. French critics, and most notably Larroumet, have maintained that he did no more. At least the formula worked under him produced very different results and the effect of those results was great in England. It prompted Mr. Jones, who had begun his dramatic career as an adapter of "The Doll's Home," to make the experiment of "The Crusaders." It spurred Mr. Pinero, after complaining that the influence of Ibsen came too soon and was hurrying things too much, to conceive and to create "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." I shall never forget the first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," nor the sense of satisfaction at the thought that now at last the Victorian theatre could boast of a play worth considering as a work of art, side by side with the masterpieces of the contemporary Continental stage.

I hoped that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" might prove the dawn of a renaissance of the English stage. I still hope so; but for the moment it would seem as if it were rather the false dawn. But while I am hopeful for the British stage, I should scarcely be hopeful for the New York stage if I were convinced that the dominion of the London drama at this moment were to be accepted as an abiding symptom of the public taste. It would indeed prove that the taste of the American public was identical with the taste of the English public; but it would also prove that the taste of the American public was rather in a bad way. Not necessarily because the English plays were undeserving of admiration, but because it is deplorable to find any country where the drama is cherished and where the stage is respected dominated by a foreign influence.

It was deplorable for the English stage that it was so long dominated by the stage of France. It will be deplorable for the American stage if it allows itself to be dominated by the stage of England. America should have her own dramatists. That she should study English drama, that she should welcome English drama, is as commendable as it is generous. But she should have, and she could have, her own drama to give us in exchange. As a matter of fact, America did in recent years give us one play which was a much better, much cleverer piece of work than a large number of plays which have come from our side of the Atlantic. I mean, of course, "The Henrietta" of Mr. Bronson Howard. So, for America's sake, I should wish her theatrical taste to resemble ours less, if it is to lead her to a too exclusive attention to English plays. A little while ago almost every play produced in London had a foreign origin. To-day almost every play being played in New York is either a directly imported English play or a play of foreign origin. This, of course, is good for the English dramatist, and so far I may regard it with favor; but it is exceedingly bad for American dramatic art and for the sum of the dramatic art of the world; and in this regard I must regret it very sincerely.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

Fond Parent—"Goodness, how you look, child! you are soaked."

Frankie—"Please, pa, I fell into the canal."

Fond Parent—"What! With your new trousers on?"

Frankie—"I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off."

"What do you think of my daughter's execution, Professor?" asked the fond mamma as her fair daughter pounded away at the piano keys.

"Think, madam?" was the reply, "why that I should like to be present at it."

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE.

THE question of training for the dramatic profession has always been a difficult problem to solve satisfactorily; that is, with any degree of satisfaction to the student, and with such results as will elicit the recognition and encouragement of the managers who engage and the public who patronize stage artists. In no art is it more clearly demonstrated by artists who acquire prominence and fame that experience is the best, if not the only, teacher. It was with a full appreciation of the difficulties that beset the



NELSON WHEATCROFT.

beginner upon the stage that I last fall focused the experiences of years of teaching and of acting into the establishment of an available system of training that would be recognized by managers as being of practical use, instead of crowding the minds of beginners with ideals and theories that only irritate the managers, excite the ridicule of professional associates and have to be suppressed while a knowledge of the real technique of the theatre is being obtained.

The student of stage art who studies under a theorist and not a practitioner; who labors alone without accessories and other characters making up the ensemble of stage pictures and dramatic action, is like the student of painting who lacks canvases, colors and brushes.

Students who take up elocution with the idea of adopting the stage should first study the practical side of stage work. The elocutionist, as a rule, speaks as if he knows—the actor should speak as if he thinks. The one will emphasize the thought and emotion, and the other will only bring a carefully studied intonation or a nice punctuation into sentences, exciting admiration, perhaps, but never carrying conviction with it.

In organizing a dramatic school immediately associated with one of the handsomest and most important stock theatres in New York City I carried out a desire I had had for years, as I believed that such an institution was absolutely needed in these days of traveling combinations which afford so few opportunities for practical exercises of the art, even if the beginner has the good fortune to obtain an engagement.

The success which attended the initial season of the school, as evinced by the favorable reception of its public exhibition matinees, by the dramatic and literary world, and by the general press, and the further practical indorsement of its methods in the engagement of a number of the students by prominent theatrical managers, affords the most emphatic assurance that my view of the situation was the correct one.

Mr. Charles Frohman, under whose immediate recognition and co-operation I assumed the directorship of



THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

the dramatic school, grants me the use of the Empire Theatre for the five or six matinees I propose giving during each season. These matinees will be, as far as possible, performances by the students of the Empire School of new plays, and thereby untried authors and untried actors can have their work fairly placed, without pretension to elaborate correctness either in production or performance, and not for the general public to judge from a critical and unsympathetic point of view, but merely to show those concerned what a play could be made, by suggesting its possibilities, in a professional representation, and giving the students a series of appearances before critical encouragers of the endeavor to further the ends of art and guide the gifts of young aspirants. The above method, adopted during the last season, having served in the most gratifying manner the twofold purpose for which it was intended, will be continued in future terms of the school.

Nelson Wheatcroft

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

Ben. Harrison's Soliloquy

It is raining and raw in Indianapolis, at 10 P.M., when the city is generally silent. A messenger boy has just lounged into the ex-President's humble mansion. In an instant he reappears at the door, evidently propelled from behind. A telegram is fired after the boy. On it can be plainly read the words "NOT MUCH, W. H. McKinley." The messenger boy retires at quite a respectable gait, nursing his injuries.

Enter bareheaded from the house the ex-President, wearing a long modern wrapper. This, with his white hair and beard, gives him a strange resemblance (except as to stature) to the late Edwin Forrest as King Lear.



"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!
You, catarracts and hurricanes,
spout
Till you have drenched our steeples!
If you'd know
What I am making all this row
about,
I'll just inform ye—set it right down
here—
I'm quotin' from, in fact I am King
Lear.
Let me continue it just up to where
He calls the nimble lightnings from
the air

To "sing his head," and asks the thunder strike—

Sort of direct and special like—
The germs "that made ungrateful man,"
I say ungrateful with what weight I can,
But all this time I mutter lily

The cursed germs that made McKinley.

(Walks out into the middle of the street, making believe he is mad, and doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain.)

Ah me! ah me! it beats the Dutch,
This Buckeye fadling answers me "Not much!"

I had but wired him his support to fix
For me once more in "Ninety-six."

'Pears like he's grown too big and all o' that
To keep on bowin' to Grandfather's Hat.

It 'pears as if he thinks he's bigger'n me,
Jeemess River! Ben shall let him see.

(Goes in out of the rain with a wink at the cat which comes out to meet him, purring sympathetically.)

O! comfort, comfort me, thou
humble cat,

Sole guardian of Grandfather's
Hat.

Time was when it made seem
both poor and plain

The plumed helmet of the late
Jim Blaine;

When from the matin-song till
long past dusk

It was adored by Uncle Jerry
Rusk.

Source of our pride, our joy, our
honor-maker,

It won the homage of John Wanamaker—
In bargain-counter language, as a rule,

Touched with the soothing phrase of Sunday-school,
Yea, Tracy loved it, and in compliment,

Upon George Washington's tall monument
Would have it perched, the apex stone to cap,

Where they could see it from Manassas' Gap,
Whom proposition met poor Winnow's view,

Who said "George Washington would like it, too,"
But I refused it with a gesture fine,

What head, indeed, was big, just then, as mine?

(Struts; the cat follows the ex-President round with its tail in the air.)

One thing is sure: right here upon my banner
Hangs the good, square old State of Indiana.

Now if they think I don't, I wish 'em joy
From Old Kentucky room to Illinois.

(Takes an accordion out of a drawer, and after a brief prelude, sings.)

I'm fighting Ben from way-back,

An' I'm out for Ninety-six.

It's army-blue agin gray-back,

The bulkiest boy that licks.

No bullet-head from Maine, boys,

No understudy of Blaine, boys,

Shall crowd me out o' the pen.

So I say to Reed, oh, Tom, take heed,

You won't be

in

it

with

Ben.

I'm fightin' Ben from Terre Haute,

If I'm only four-foot six.

With chaff such old birds don't get caught,

I'm up to loads o' tricks.

'Twas I made Bill McKinley,

I built him much too thinly

To tackle me now or then.

"Oh no Bill, yer job's uphill,"

You won't be

in

it

with

Ben.

I'm the Claimant of the Party,

An' at my post I sticks,

A-comin' up bright an' hearty

In time for Ninety-six.

They gave three runs to Grover,

An' now I'm holdin' over,

To make the run again,

So give it to me and make it three.

Then who'll be

in

it

with

Ben?

(Dances around the parlor and stands on the cat's tail. The cat howls dismally.)

But soft, 'tis well no people are about,
For I'm too grave to be supposed to shout,
I must be solemn if I hope to thrive

Where politics still move "in blocks of five."
I must play humble; with the people mingle,
Salute reporters and clean up my
shingle.
O bitter pill for him who doth
withdraw
From White House glory to take
up the law.
He whom the kings called
"brother" every day,
Called "brother" now by ev'ry
legal jay.
Save, in some twenty-dollar ac-
tion, when,
A whippersnapper calls you
"Uncle Ben."

He whose one word bestowed a great possession,
Must snarl and wrangle thro' the County Session,
And while the land, forgetful of you, jogs,
To corn-fed judges plead of corn-fed hogs.
(Takes his bedroom candle and lights it.)
Farewell, my faithful cat.
You understand now why I guard the Hat.



THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

ELEVEN HUNDRED years ago two Scotchmen appeared in a French city and went about the market-place crying: "If any one desires knowledge let him come to us, for we are selling it." They were thought crazy, but the thing reached Charlemagne, who sent for the two Scotchmen and asked what they wanted for this knowledge they were offering for sale. They replied: "We ask only a suitable room, well-disposed pupils, food and clothing." Charlemagne, taking one with him to Pavia, left the other, Clement, with a large school in Gaul. He ordered the nobles and the humblest classes to send their sons to it, and these were fed at a common table, without payment by any, in order that the wealthy might claim no privilege over the poor. After a long absence Charlemagne returned into Gaul, and hastened to the school of Clement, asking to see the writing and compositions of his pupils. Those of the poor were admirable, those of the young noblemen miserable. Thereupon Charlemagne set the poor on his right, the nobles on his left. To the former he said: "I praise you, my children; continue to strive for perfection, and I will give you benefices and abbey; you shall be the people of rank in my eyes." Turning to the left he cried: "As for you, nobles, repose on your birth and fortune, neglecting your true honor in your studies, giving yourselves up to indolence, sport or futile pursuits, others may admire you, but to me your birth and beauty are naught, and, by the King of Heaven, if you do not hasten to repair your negligence, you shall get nothing from Charles!" [Des Faits et Gestes de Charles-le-Grand. Par un Moine de Saint-Gall.]

So did an unknown monk place on record, a thousand years ago, an incident that seemed small compared with the splendid achievements of Charlemagne, but which has influenced the world more than any of his victories. For this was the institution of college degrees, by which titles of science were raised above those of birth, and even carried with them great offices and estates. Should Charlemagne, long supposed to have never died, but destined to reappear on earth, fulfill the dreams of folklore, and find his way among our American colleges, he might be puzzled to part his sheep and goats. He would find the advantages of wealth and birth transferred from an arbitrary to a natural basis, with which even his imperial strength could not cope. He would find ancient cloisters surviving in college dormitories and messrooms, as if our youth were to be trained to celibacy, but no great ecclesiastical estates and offices bestowed as prizes of learning or piety. Were Charlemagne and his Scotchmen, Clement and Charles, and his own teacher, Alcuin, to offer their scholastic wares in our American mart we might suggest the nearest asylum; but study of those wares even as fossils may remind us that in them was set up in the world an intellectual standard. For many ages the measure of human greatness, amid whatever superstitions, was mental. The greatest of monarchs and conquerors must lower their heads before the loftier brows of astronomers, philosophers, poets, artists, discoverers of the secrets of Nature. And further reflection on the fossilized past may awaken doubt as to whether that intellectual standard can remain amid modern conditions.

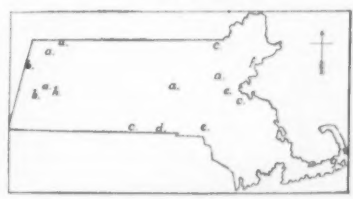
When the question of appointing a Poet Laureate in succession to Lord Tennyson was discussed in England, many literary men expressed themselves in favor of the abolition of the office; but Professor Huxley was reported as opposed to the abolition of any of the few remaining recognitions of Literature. It presently appeared, however, that the Laureateship could not be bestowed in recognition of Literature, else it had been offered to Swinburne or William Morris; but the Muse of these poets, not having spared crowns or surplices, the office has to await a genius willing to merge itself in Court minstrelsy. The great prizes of the English Church also are no longer awards of genius or learning; bishoprics and deaneries generally compensate ecclesiastical services. Nevertheless, scholarship and literary genius, by secularizing the Universities and the non-clerical professions, with their vast endowments, have managed until lately to maintain their supremacy in the English State. Parliamentary government culminated when the legislative chieftains were mainly authors—Disraeli, Gladstone, Bulwer, Mill, Derby, Brougham, Trevelyan, Fawcett, Houghton, Argyll, Laing, Bowyer, Cecil, Cobden, Dufferin, Fortescue, Earl Grey, Playfair, Lord John Manners, Coleridge. It was through a competition of parties for popular support that the illiteracy of Great Britain was enfranchised and the intellectual character of Parliament lowered. Democracy substitutes delegates for representatives, and men of intellectual power will not turn themselves into automatic registers of party programmes and foregone conclusions.

The alienation of intellect and scholarship from political life begun in England has advanced further in the United States. The highest national rewards are given to those who register and execute at Washington the national will they do not create—given, that is, to the Hand, not the Head. It looks as if the Day of

the Hand were dawning. It may be good, but there may be too much of a good thing, as the scholars of England have found, who persuaded the workingmen that they were legislators, and now steadily surrender Parliament to them. American philosophers have vindicated the puritanically repressed rights of the human body, and now see culture largely checked by athletics. Charlemagne, who first instituted college degrees, is not represented by our University Faculties, but by our imperial People, who reverse the ancient emperor's judgment and put the sportive youth on their right, the thinkers on the left. Some years ago, at a college commencement in America, I heard from a young graduate an essay worthy of Matthew Arnold, but could find no notice of it in any of the neighboring city journals, though one of his classmates, who led his "team" to victory, was pedestaled on a column in every newspaper. Our oldest colleges were built to train ministers, who should be public teachers and leaders of the people, a service for which good health and physical development could only increase their fitness; but there would appear to be danger of an arrest even of physical evolution when it is concentrated in the few necessary for an intercollegiate game, and that game perilous to life and limb. As for moral improvement and social refinement, it is doubtful whether they can be secured at all where young men herd together in dormitories, separated from the influences of domestic life, and it is certain that they must suffer by athletic conflicts which involve bad temper and brutality. Even if college administrators should restrain such sportive savagery, it would still remain that the intercollegiate competitions are raising the prize of athleticism above all the prizes of intelligence. I am informed that some college Faculties have offered gratuities to eminent football players to join them. It would be interesting to know whether genius lodging in the head instead of the heels has been similarly approached. One might be brevetted a "crank" who should suggest a grand intercollegiate match in eloquence, say, or poetry.

Where, then, do the incitements to intellectual greatness come in? The immense development of journalism, of periodical literature, doing so much for general information and for the art of writing, is still too largely sectarian and partisan, also too dependent on catering to popular prejudices, to foster directly original thought and independent utterance. Political parties and religious sects are also competing in a solemn and slugging kind of game, and offer higher gratuities than the colleges for useful experts. It is indeed probable that the country has still its potential Emersons, Longfellow and Holmeses, or even more of them than ever, but that their *habitat* is gone. Nor need we mourn over ancestral graves, or turn their tombs to altars. We do not want the same men nor the same thoughts; their true successors must be very different; but they will be equally free, cultured, competent to meet the new need, consecrated to truth and right. The rightful *habitat* of such men is the place of education, and it may be, it must be, recovered from all the athletic or sectarian or partisan squatters who have overrun it. We must not look for the valor and disinterestedness of heroes in young genius surrounded by discouragements. We must insist on pre-eminent encouragements for intellectual ability in our schools and colleges. Our men of wealth should give less to such institutions and more to found in them highly paid Fellowships and Scholarships, untrammelled by any conditions as to creed or profession, or even as to conduct, unless it be criminal. Genius can grow only in the atmosphere of freedom, and it must be freedom from repression by majorities as well as by other authorities. The only way to prevent a democracy from leveling downward, in its vain effort to secure an impossible equality, is to maintain a caste of cultured and competent and independent thinkers, unbiased, plighted to truth and justice.

MONSIEUR D. CONWAY.



MAP PUZZLE.

WHAT State map can be drawn in the proportions of the above rectangle having places corresponding to the names of five Presidents at the relative positions marked a, two Generals at b, three Poets at c, a Statesman at d, two Philosophers at e, a Philanthropist at f, a Governor at g, and a Historian at h?

What are the names indicated?
The subscriber who sends the first correct solution of the above puzzle to this office on or after, but not before, January 31, will receive as a prize a Plush Photograph Album. This announcement must be cut out and inclosed with each solution.

A NEW YEAR GREETING

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20, 1894.

DEAR "ONCE A WEEK":
I enclose slip for renewal of subscription for 1895, which I trust will be a happy and successful year for you. The Christmas number is at hand, and is a fine one. I am sure we all echo the sentiment: "A cozy home for all the year, and in it ONCE A WEEK." Wishing you continued success, I am, very sincerely, your friend,

ELLA FISHER.

TO SOLVE THE LABOR PROBLEM.

[St. Louis Typographical Union No. 8.]

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":
My individual interpretation of the labor problem, in obviating strikes and lockouts, is the co-operative plan, with proper safeguards for the interests of employer and employee alike, both in times of prosperity and adversity; a restriction of the apprentices system, as regards supply and demand; and formation of co-operative clubs, whereby a higher standard of moral and mechanical results can be obtained. These will, to a great extent, help to maintain and increase the prosperity of all concerned. Respectfully,
W. E. BARCLAY.

See p. Treas.



MR ALBERT STEVENS

MISS PERRY TIFFANY



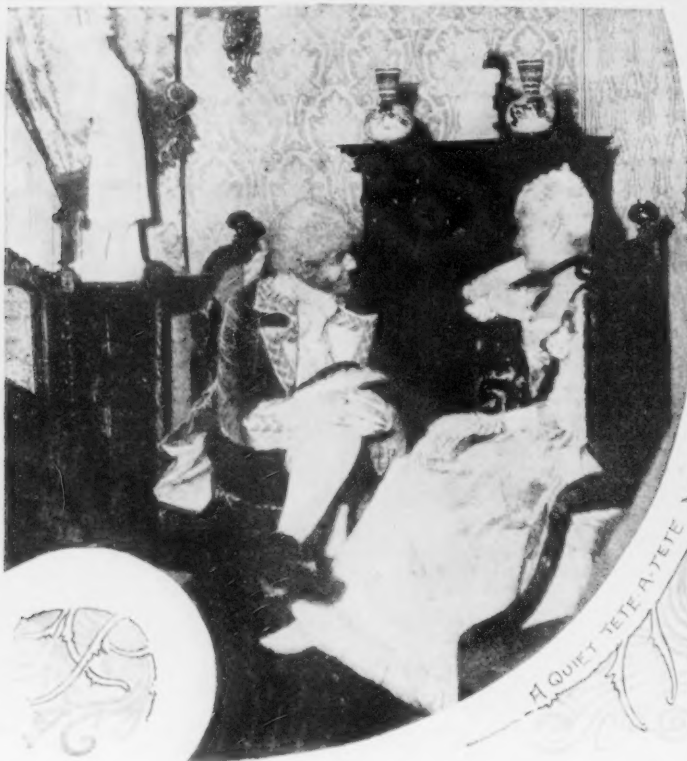
THE LORD OF MISRULE

MISS B. RUDOLPH

MR COLT



SOME YOUTHFUL COURTIERS



A QUIET TETE A TETE



SUBJECTS OF THE LORD OF MISRULE

"TWELFTH NIGHT."—THE LORD OF MISRULE

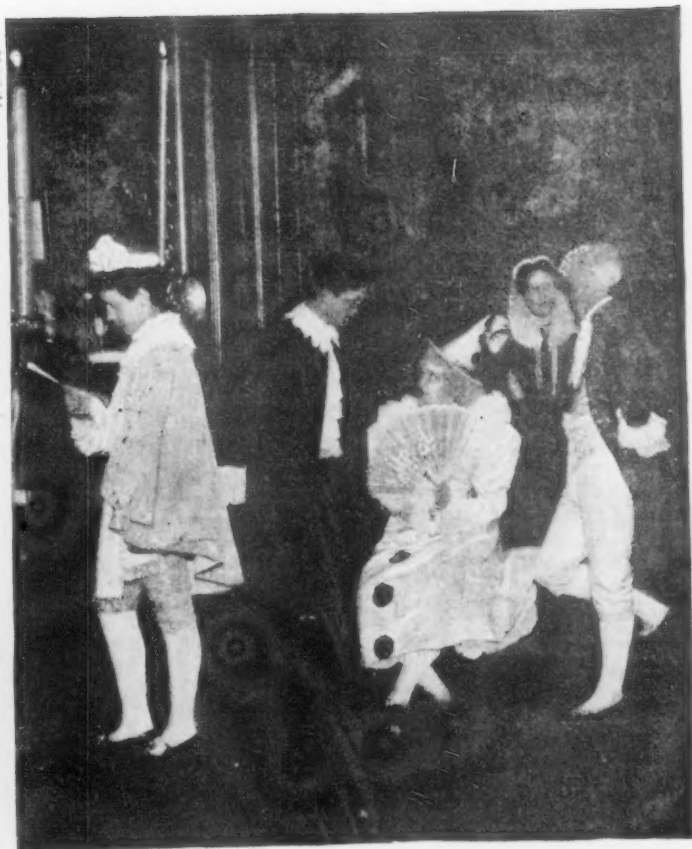
(From photos specially taken for C)



MR. BALWIN



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM



MISS KODERICK CAMERON



THE LORD OF MISRULE AND HIS COURT



MISS KIRNOCHIN

MISS WHITNEY

OF MISRULE HOLDS COURT AT CASTLE POINT.

(Specially taken for ONCE A WEEK.—See page 11.)

TO MY FRIEND—THE PICKPOCKET.

LOVE-FRAGMENT knight, whose dextrous hand
Made my gold watch your easy prey.
Your clever trick was neatly planned
To make me poorer yesterday.

And yet, 'tis something gained to know
That, in a simple country town,
The elusive attention you bestow
Can bring your victim much renown.

It gave me curious knowledge, too,
For, spending years with prose and rhyme
I did not dream so very low
Of all my friends know not the time.

Which watches keep. For every day
Each man and woman, boy and miss
I chanced to meet, had naught to say,
Except to ask what time it is.

To tell the truth, I pondered long
Whether to keep a watch or none;
For, while I suffered from this wrong,
I had the town-clock and the sun.

The press quite revelled in my case,
And all your nimble smartness told;
But I would hardly take your place
For many watches made of gold.

What I should like would be to see
The convolutions of your brain;
(Pardon me if I talk too free—
I do not wish to give you pain.)

Yet, he who takes an author's "time,"
And leaves him worth a hundred loss,
Might meet much sorrow for his crime
Without my very great distress.

It was not "time" enclosed in gold
I'm told should go to such as you;
But, through some strong policeman's hold,
"Time" should, for yours, be yours "to do."

However, let the past go by—
I doubt if we shall meet again;
Yet, if my new bought watch you try,
Leave me once more the key and chain.

JOEL BENTON.

ARDSLEY TOWERS.

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

SHE is nineteen, he twenty-eight, and they are chums and sweethearts, as well as formal Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould. True love, in their case, exploded the theories of modern romance writers by running smoothly for once. Straight to the altar went they, along a path strewn with roses and flanked by rose-bushes from which love had kindly stripped the thorns. And Jay Gould added his blessing.

That he was Edwin Gould, the second son of Jay Gould the powerful, and had twenty million dollars in his own name; or that she was the beautiful Miss Sarah C. Strady, daughter of the physician whose skill prolonged the life of General Grant, had nothing to do with the case. All who know them agree it was love, pure and disinterested. To love a woman and win her love is a beautiful thing, anyway. If there is an item of twenty million dollars to be added, it's simply more beautiful, that's all.

So with youth, health and money to insure physical comforts and luxuries, and with love to satisfy the soul's cravings, up the life-road they go, hand in hand, heart beating against heart. The popular idea is that a millionaire is usually a money-maker—as if we were not all money-makers, or trying to be. But no man leading a sordid life—a life absorbed simply in money-getting—could be the happy man who loves his home and devotes himself to his family as Edwin Gould does. Any one who has visited the Goulds at their home up there in the country is convinced that this man and this woman begin life and love anew each morning. Their house, of the modern type, yet of rambling proportions, fairly glistens with windows which, like great Brownie eyes, wink and glint in the sunlight and flit all day long with the Hudson River. The home within is always flooded with sunshine and flowers, and music and the singing of birds, and the only night that descends there is God's night—for not even the shades of the night of the soul hover where love really reigns. Such is the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Gould and of eleven months' old Baby Edwin.

There is, perhaps, a man here and there who thinks, with a pang of envy, "Well, there is no reason why a man shouldn't be happy when he has twenty million dollars!" As if every man with twenty million dollars is thoroughly happy; and, furthermore, as if a man can help being a millionaire when he is a millionaire! Edwin Gould is in one sense like the carrier of hod, the cab-driver or any other money-maker. He is doing the best he can. Professional ranters against millionaires forget that rich men, like other folks, live and breathe and love, have hearts and souls, hopes and ambitions, and a life to live. Only fools despise money, and as long as the ranters try to make us believe they despise money, they only go on proving that Edwin Gould is no fool. Therefore, just simply because he happens to be a millionaire Mr. Gould does not propose to drive cabs for a living.

I'll tell you what Edwin Gould does do, though. He cleans his own gun and makes his own good shots with it, chalks his own cue when he plays billiards, rows his own boat, tick-tacks letters on his own typewriter, and even runs his own elevator. With his own hands he has himself carried me from floor to floor of this home in his elevator. And as long as millionaires furnish copy for newspaper men by running elevators, the principles laid down in the Constitution of the United States are safe, and social revolution is yet afar off.

Edwin Gould has two fads. One is a love for things military and the other is shooting. He has served several years in Troop A, and three years as captain and inspector of rifle practice in the Seventy-first Regiment. He has a 500-yard range at his country place where he has proved himself a crack shot.

Mrs. Gould's fad, if she has any at all, is a fondness for society. She likes all the high social functions—tea,

dancing, dinners and all that. I believe she is just now devoted to house parties, and she may reasonably be so, for no home along the Hudson is so well adapted to entertaining on the English plan as is Ardsley Towers at Dobbs Ferry. She is happy in the midst of her duties as hostess to a house party, I understand, at the present moment, for she and her husband live out there for the health's sake of little Edwin. But I shall return to Mrs. Gould presently; let me speak a moment of that interesting morning I spent with Edwin Gould when he pleasantly showed me the material beauties of his home.

As I entered the front door Mr. Gould came down the broad staircase to meet me, walking slowly, deliberately, just as in speaking he pronounces distinctly each particular syllable of every word. The characteristic that most impresses you in the first moment of meeting Mr. Gould is his extreme modesty. But the moment you forget his millions and look upon him as a fellow of flesh and blood, then what you thought was simply modesty proves to be gentleness, good nature, thoughtfulness, heart—anything you will. Whatever he says you feel sure is the absolute truth, and you are equally certain that he never says too much. You readily perceive, by his bearing, what are the qualities and mental abilities that make him a good soldier and a great financier. You will find that his aim in whatever he undertakes is as accurate as his aim when he points his rifle



EDWIN GOULD.

at the target five hundred yards away, and just as surely as he hits the bull's-eye of that target, just as unerringly will he achieve his purpose in Wall Street, or elsewhere, in whatever he resolves to accomplish. Those who know him agree that Edwin Gould never shoots without careful aim, and never aims with an empty gun.

In personal appearance Mr. Gould comes very near being the poet or artist. He has the poet's tall, slight, pliant figure, the poet's hand and fingers, even if they are more accustomed to count gold than to handle a quill; and if he trimmed his jet-black beard to a point, he would indeed pass in Bohemia. But his beard, so like his father's, is round and full—a Gould beard, instead of a Van Dyke. There is also an unmistakable suggestion of strength and health in his make-up, qualities not always so apparent in a poet.

He talks to you a while in his quiet, deliberate way, telling you he loves to remain out there in the country with Mrs. Gould; how he journeys to town only two or three days in the week; explains his having a telephone in the house connected directly with the office down there in the Western Union Building, by means of which he is informed of whatever is taking place; and seems to delight to show by what happy combinations of trains he can get to his office in an hour. From all which it would seem that the opinion that Edwin Gould sits at his desk regularly from nine to five, and that he, like certain other millionaires, is simply a clerk in his own establishment, is founded on fiction.

As he talks he notices the admiring glances you have been casting on his home surroundings, and straightway he constitutes himself your guide. The house is built, in one respect, like the stone castles of old. In the centre is a quadrangular court, open from the first floor to the roof, where a great glass roof of many colors mellow the light as it pours in; all the rooms on the two floors above open on a sort of piazza looking into the court. At night, when all the fairy lamps hanging so generously about are lighted, the effect must indeed be artistic. On one side of the staircase in the hall below where you stand is a grand piano, and on the other side the pool table, so that after dinner the ladies can have music, while the men smoke and play pool, out of sight of one another, yet with voices commingling. All the great hallway is of hard wood, and when the rugs are removed, no better dancing-room could be desired. It seemed charmingly hospitable.

Mr. Gould conducts you to a Louis Quinze reception-room, next to a Moorish room, and then, if I rightly remember, to a little Egyptian smoking-room, all of which are in good taste and very home-like. Back again you follow him to his office—a real business man's workshop, where on one side is a great letter file fairly bulging with documents, on the other a great chimney-piece, and in the centre a writing-table covered with papers. A large weather indicator stands

near, which Mr. Gould has just been regulating with his own hands. Then the telephone in the little adjoining room ting-a-lings; he responds, makes a memorandum—some little matter, probably, of a hundred thousand or so—and resumes his attention to you. Incidentally you notice the typewriting machine, which he himself can use, and then he shows you a number of photographs which he took with his own snap-shooter. The pictures are rather good ones of military and water scenes, and he is rightly proud of them. Suddenly a great bell begins to clang vociferously, like a country fire alarm, but you learn that it is only the burglar alarm which is "on" at this hour every day, and stays "on" till suppressed. The house is full of surprises. Following Mr. Gould into the dining-room, he touches a key and a mechanical bird begins a merry warble. The table is sweet with lovely roses, and just beyond is a music-box as big as a trunk whose tunes he says Mrs. Gould loves to hear during breakfast. The next surprise is when he ushers you into the elevator, draws the wire rope with his own hands, and up you go to the floor above.

Gently and tenderly he enters the nursery to find the Baby Edwin sleeping; respectfully he knocks on another door, and then you enter his own room—his and Mrs. Gould's. At one end an alcove let into the sunlight, where Mrs. Gould can write letters to her friends; at the other end a boudoir, with its piano and easy chairs. Here Mr. Gould opens a panel in the wall, and lo! another surprise—an aviary dotted with birds of all hues. They sing sweetly while young Mrs. Gould—so young, the youngest wife of a millionaire in this country I believe—listens; and when she grows tired, the panel is closed and the beautiful sounds are effectually cut off.

That's all. Perhaps you play pool a minute with Mr. Gould, down stairs there, but you are so interested in the man that the game is a farce. You know he can talk on any subject, either trifling or profound, if he wants to; but you spare him both and ask him the commonplace question as to how he came to break his kneecap. He tells you that he has broken it five times—the first time in a cane rush at Columbia, next while wrestling on horseback in Troop A (an accident which necessitated his resigning from the troop, and has debarred him from horseback riding ever since), the third time he broke his kneecap playing tennis, and the fourth and fifth times under similar circumstances.

And now, a few words of the woman who makes Mr. Gould's present, and who will make his future, who has brought heart and happiness into his life, and to whom he has given what is destined to be, in its way, one of the greatest American names.

She is, first of all, a woman who worthily supports that name and does it justice. She is a wife and mother at nineteen—and all the world, and everything in it she cares for, can be hers. From the portrait of her on the first page of this number it is manifest that beauty is hers—that rarest beauty made by a happy combination of girlhood and womanhood. You see girlhood lurking in her face, yet womanhood always predominates. There is a love of fun there, and the zest to enjoy a "good time"; but common sense and thorough dignity are conspicuously present. When her face is in repose, it bears a serious expression—she seems to be thinking a great deal; when she laughs, you see two rows of splendid white teeth, her face is all alight and she seems to be saying a great deal. She has hazel eyes, and hair to match. She has a complexion envied by women, admired by men—of the rich color of the American Beauty. I'm not quite sure that a New York society woman just fancies being likened to the Nut-brown Maid; but I'm told that in summer, in the midst of bubbling health and the freedom of outdoor life, Mrs. Gould has all the physical charms of that fair maid of the ballad. Her figure is full and rounded, and, by slightly tiptoeing, she is just about tall enough to whisper into Mr. Gould's ear. Mrs. Gould has considerable vocal talent, and she sings always in her native language—something a good many men of the day are duly grateful for. Her taste in dress is exquisite, and she has the happy knack of knowing just how to wear a smart frock so as to make you forget the frock and think only of the wearer's beauty. Above all, Mrs. Gould is a hostess by whom guests always like to be entertained a second time—and that's saying a good deal.

Mrs. Edwin Gould promises to be one of New York's leading society women of the future. As a matter of fact, a bit of gossip has floated my way—I hope I am not telling tales out of school—to the effect that next winter Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould will occupy a town house, will entertain freely, and thus, with the added entertainments of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould and of Miss Helen Gould, a series of brilliant social events will be inaugurated by this family of millionaires.

GILSON WILLETS.

THE West Indies will soon have an illustrated monthly magazine all their own. The first number is in course of preparation and will appear early in the spring. The magazine will be edited by a woman.

THE house in which Martin Luther was born and in which he died, and the old Andreas-kirche, next to it, threaten to fall into ruins. Both will probably be restored.

MRS. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE has announced her intention of bringing out an edition of her father's works with notes of a biographical character. The daughter of the great novelist writes so charmingly that whatever she may have to say of her distinguished father will surely meet with a cordial reception from the public.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MY BABY GIRL.

At the twilight hour they gathered
For a story, at my side,
With the princess—blue-eyed baby—
On my lap enthroned in pride.
And the setting sun, in passing,
Kissed her smiling face good-night,
While the others, loving, joyous,
Laughed in chorus at the sight.
And my boy, before the princess,
Bowed his loyal head in awe;
For his gentle soul was thrilling
At the angel face he saw.
Then he raised his hand and gently
Touched the dear one's waving curl,
And his pleading voice implored me:
"Keep her, please, a baby girl."
Years have passed, the sun sinks slowly,
And I sit alone to-night,
While the tears bedim my vision,
As the world has lost its light;
And a prayer my lips are raising
To my God, whose kindly hand
Keeps my baby girl to meet me
In the far-off twilight land.

—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

OLD-FASHIONED CONCEITS AND FANCIES.

IT is not a twelvemonth yet, although it seems ten years ago, since I blew the downy globe to learn the time of day, or set beneath my chin the veining of the varnished buttercup, or fired the foxglove cannonade, or made a captive of myself with dandelion fetters," says sweet Lorna Doone, speaking in a language which is but a dead one to the maidens of to-day. More is the pity.

The woods and the wild flowers once upon a time meant vastly more than pleasant escapes from the cramping actualities of city life.

Education means such a careful elimination of all that is fanciful nowadays that one must have Mr. Gradgrind's insatiable appetite for "facts, sir, facts," to be satisfied with the appalling sum total of scientific and philosophic instruction and not to long for the renaissance of "dandelion fetter" and "foxglove cannonade."

Mythology and botany were the twin delights of the old-fashioned schoolgirl. The one, because it gave fancy such liberal play and hinted of the love-time to come; the other, principally, I am afraid, because Flora's dictionary was always in the appendix, and it was so "perfectly lovely" to know what message each flower tried to whisper. In those silly old days there were such things as birthday flowers and birthday gems. All of which means nothing more to you, you poor little fact-grammed valedictorian, than Lorna's dandelion and foxglove nonsense. Let me tell you how the old-fashioned maiden made the flowers and gems fetch her bright promises from the land of the unsearchable.

For the twenty-six letters of the alphabet she had twenty-six flowers and their meaning, according to Flora's dictionary. They were:

Acacia—friendship; bluebell—constancy; cowslip—beauty; dead leaves—sadness; everlasting—remembrance; fig—idleness; grape—charity; hyacinth—sport; ipomvea—attachment; Jacob's ladder—in invitation; Kennedy—mental beauty; larkspur—haughtiness; mint—virtue; nightshade—truth; osmunda—dreams; periwinkle—early friendship; queen's rocket—fashion; rose—love; Southern wood—rest; thrift—sympathy; upas—solicitude; veronica—fidelity; wood sorrel—joy; xeranthemum—cheerfulness; yew—sorrow; zephyr flower—expectation.

There you are with twenty-six flowers to fit your destinies to, and if you don't know the flowers when you see them, consult your grandmother. My word for them, she has them all pat.

But to proceed with your lesson.

Your name, we will say, is Mary—sweetest of all old names, if, perchance, not the most uncommon. By consulting Flora's dictionary we find: M—mint, standing for virtue; A—acacia, for friendship; R—rose, for love; Y—yew, for sorrow.

Virtue, friendship and love make a triple crown of glory for any life, even when entwined with the yew, which serves as a reminder that, "Into each life some rain must fall—some days be dark and dreary."

Or "Katie," for whom Flora combines a very pretty birthday garland, composed of Kennedy—mental beauty; Acacia—friendship; Thurit—sympathy; Ipomvea—attachment; Everlasting—remembrance.

Endowed with mental beauty, blessed with friendship and sympathy, forming attachments which shall be everlasting in remembrance, one could snap one's fingers at misfortune.

But this pastime, a pretty make-believe at best, says my critical city maiden, is only possible in the country, with all the flowers abloom.

Then she shall have a diadem instead of a garland for her birthday bequegment, and, now that we are on the eve of a revival of jewels, she should insist upon her birthday's naming, being spelled in glittering stones. She has twenty-six brilliant omens to select from:

Amethyst—sincerity; beryl—happiness; cat's-eye—warner of trouble; diamond—innocence; emerald—victory; feldspar—regularity; garnet—friendship; hyacinth (a hypnotizing stone)—sleep; idocrase (a brownish green stone)—constancy; jacinths—modesty; kyonite (a light-blue crystal, something like a sapphire; Lapis Lazuli)—artistic tastes; malachite—cheerfulness; natrolite—hope; onyx—conjugal felicity; pearl—tears; quartz—guardianship; ruby—charity; sapphire—faith; topaz—fidelity; urant (a green crystal)—hope; verd antique—worth; wood opal—simplicity; xanthite—constancy; yellow tourmaline—power; zulte—coolness.

Your name is Bettie:

Beryl, for happiness; Emerald for victory; Topaz twice over, for fidelity doubly assured; an Idocrase, for constancy; and another Emerald to crown your birthday diadem (or ring) with victory.

In ve olden times, when men were not so saturated with utilitarianism as they are to-day, nor grown superior to all "rings, gauds and conceits," the belief

obtained that there was positive virtue in the foregoing fantastic idea of attaching meanings to each gem; and that, if a man could secure his natal gem, he was as safe as if he were carrying his patron saint about with him in some portable shape.

Even Solomon was not above the weakness of talismanic rings, and donned them whenever he wanted to saturate himself with the spirit of wisdom. At least, so we read; but, in reviving these old fancies for the amusement of latter-day girls, I have only turned the wheel backward far enough to give them a glimpse of some of the pretty frivolities that helped to give life in bygone days a somewhat richer flavor than it hath to-day.

JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" IN HOBOKEN.

VERY brilliant and picturesque was the "Twelfth Night" party given in the spacious and sumptuously furnished castle, at Castle Point, in Hoboken, by Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, on the evening of December 27. More than three hundred and fifty guests, one-third of whom were boys and girls, were present in fancy dress, representing the costumes at foreign Courts from the Middle Ages to the present day.

Orient and Occident vied in charm; the contrasts of colors and embroideries were dazzling; and the advent of the "King of Misrule," who ascended the throne and passed in review the merry company, was a piquant and bewitching spectacle.

The illustrations elsewhere give an excellent idea of many phases of this delightful fête. The introductory feature was the quaint display of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," in the blue drawing-room. Mrs. Jarley, elaborately dressed in the immemorial costume, was personated by Miss Mary McCobb, and the exhibition included a galaxy of historical characters from Christopher Columbus to Charlotte Corday.

Mrs. Stevens, in a superb Spanish Court costume of the time of Ferdinand—black and white brocade with a coronet of pearls and diamonds, and a veil—received her guests in the red drawing-room. The Mikado and Marie Antoinette, Diana and Orsini, Mephistopheles and Cinderella, belles of 1830 and beaux of 1790, promenaded in the wide halls hung with Gobelin tapestries. Among the guests, most of whom were in costume, were Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Miss Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Belknap, Miss Belknap, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Laroque, Mr. William Beekman, Mr. Beekman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Vanderbilt, Mr. Alex. S. Webb, Jr., Miss Webb, Miss Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. Peabody, Miss Neeser, Miss Carey, Miss Rhett, Mr. and Mrs. Killian Van Rensselaer, General and Mrs. John Watts Kearny, Miss Kearny, Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander, Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, the Misses and Messrs. Hewitt, General and Mrs. Louis Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. James Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster, Miss de Peyster, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Henderson, Miss Beatrix Henderson, Mr. Rawlins Cottenet, Miss Cottenet, Mr. and Mrs. James G. K. Duer, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, Miss Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hampden Robb, Miss Robb, Mr. Thayer Robb, Mrs. Charles Sands, Mrs. Philip J. Sands, Miss Sands, Mr. and Mrs. Rhineland, Count and Countess de Brazza, Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Miss Gerry, Sir Roderick Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin, and Mr. and Mrs. George P. Camman. The "King of Misrule" was personated by Mr. Bondnot Coit.

The Misses Julia and Nellie Lewis, nieces of Mrs. Stevens, in whose honor the fête was given, personated respectively a "Wood Nymph" and "Lady Jane Grey." Mrs. Richard Stevens was lovely as a "Duchess of Devonshire" in yellow satin brocade; Mrs. Albert Stevens as a "Dresden figure" in pale blue and pink; and Mrs. John Stevens as the "Mother of the Gracchi" in white and gold.

The "Sir Roger de Coverley" was danced at midnight, after which supper was served, when informal dancing began.—(See pages 8 and 9.)

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

SETH W. COBB, of St. Louis, Mo., is one of the five Democratic Congressmen who were not swept out of power by the recent political landslide. He is not much taller than General Wheeler, but considerably stouter. He was born in Southampton County, Virginia, and is not yet on the shady side of sixty. He is distinctively a self-made man. When nineteen years old, he began clerking in a grain commission house in St. Louis. Three years later he engaged in that business on his own account and has since built up a fortune. His first public office was that of Representative in the Fifty-second Congress, and he was re-elected to the Fifty-third.

The recent tidal wave must have spent its force before it reached Arkansas, where five of the six Congressmen were re-elected. One of the fortunate quintet is Thomas Chipman McRae, of Prescott. He was born at Mount Holly, Ark., in 1851, and, like most men in Congress, is a lawyer. He received his legal diploma from Washington and Lee University before attaining his majority. Mr. McRae was a State legislator when only twenty-five, and has served in the national Congress for a decade.

Colonel Josiah Patterson, of Memphis, Tenn., was an Alabama farm boy, who mastered his Blackstone without an instructor in the late fifties. He entered the Confederate Army as a first lieutenant and rose to the rank of colonel. His regiment, the Fifth Alabama Cavalry, was probably the last organized body of troops surrendered east of the Mississippi. Colonel Patterson did not locate in Memphis until 1872. He has been a member of the Tennessee Legislature, and the Fifty-fourth is the third Congress to which the Memphians have elected him.

Andrew R. Kiefer was also a colonel and a State legislator before he was a Congressman, but his military service was in the Union Army and his early legislative duties were performed in Minnesota. Colonel Kiefer

presents a striking example of the success possible to the foreigner in this country; for he was born in the District of Mainz on the picturesque Rhine, and was a full-grown man when he first set foot on American soil. Six years later he settled permanently in St. Paul. He has always been prominently identified with the Republican party in that progressive city and his prospective Congressional term will be the second with which he has been honored.

Charles Frederick Joy, of St. Louis, is a handsome, athletic man, slightly above medium height. He was born in Morgan County, Illinois, and began the practice of law in St. Louis. He has been a prominent member of the famous Elks Order for years. The Congressional nomination was fairly forced on him after he had repeatedly refused it, and though an avowed high protectionist in a naturally Democratic district, he won the election in 1892 by a plurality of sixty-seven votes, his success being due to his remarkable personal popularity. His re-election in November was a foregone conclusion from the time that he announced his candidacy.

Genial George Washington Smith, of Murphysboro, Ill., is one of two ex-blacksmiths in Congress, the other being Judge James G. Maguire, the Single Taxer. It was only in boyhood that Mr. Smith followed the trade. He was born on a farm in the Buckeye State in 1846 and graduated in law at the Bloomington University in Indiana. He is slightly below medium stature, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with heavy auburn hair and thick reddish mustache. Always an active Republican and frequently in office, he aspired for a Congressional nomination again and again before winning it. Finally, when he had determined that one more failure would send him to seek a more promising field in the far West, he was nominated and elected. That was in 1888, and Mr. Smith has remained in Congress ever since. His district (the Twentieth) lies in that portion of Southern Illinois known as Egypt. The "Old Soldier" element is particularly strong there, and no man in Congress has worked harder for the interests of the "Old Soldier" than he.—(See page 13.)

"A COMMON STORY."

THE art with which a good novelist can seize upon even the most trivial incidents and phases of everyday life and present them to his readers in a most entertaining form is very happily illustrated in M. Gontcharoff's clever and amusing novel entitled "A Common Story," which is published with this number of ONCE A WEEK. The opening chapter, describing with picturesqueness and considerable humor the departure of the hero from his home in the country for the great unknown city of St. Petersburg, immediately captivates the reader's attention, and the interest attaching to the fate of Alexander never flags throughout the rest of the book. The young man finds a mentor in the person of his uncle, a cynical bachelor steeped in worldly wisdom, whose methods of restraining the impetuosity of the country-bred youth may seem cruel, but were undoubtedly wholesome.

The gradual transition in the character of Alexander from that of an impulsive, unsophisticated, aspiring youth to the semi-cynical indifference and astute cleverness of an experienced man of the world is followed up with infinite patience and accuracy of detail, revealing on the part of the author a profound knowledge of the human heart, and of the extent to which it may be influenced by environment and circumstance. The book is serious in its purpose, but the quaint humor of the author's style lifts it above the level of dullness, and renders it one of the most entertaining works of fiction which has appeared for some time. It abounds in valuable suggestions for young men about to enter on an ambitious career in a great city, and indeed is so replete with worldly wisdom that few readers will lay it down without having profited by the lessons it conveys. On the score of morality, it is irreproachable. "A Common Story" will undoubtedly be liked by subscribers to the Library.

AN English officer lately returned from the Far East writes to a London journal that English troops are not superior to the Japanese, and out there would be inferior. "All that you hear of Chinese victories," he says, "is mere nonsense. Even at odds of five to one the Chinese have no chance, and their generals admit it."

THE persistent accusations of the Armenians that England is aiding Turkey to escape exposure in the Armenian business merit the attention of the civilized world. An Armenian delegate to the conference held in Chester, England, December 29, said that the Foreign Office has for four years canceled records which laid bare the conspiracy of England and the Porte against Armenia.

MISS HELEN ZIMMERN, an Englishwoman, edits a paper called the *Florence Gazette*, also known as the *Italian Gazette*, which is published simultaneously in Rome, Naples and Florence. English and American residents or tourists may always find interesting information in the columns of the *Gazette*.

THE National Health Society of London, England, has in training a large staff of ladies who will act as sanitary missionaries among the ignorant rich and poor. This society, besides looking after the public health, does a good work in providing equitable and remunerative employment for gentlewomen.

MR. GOFF IS A CATHOLIC.

Dec. 27, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Kindly inform me through your interesting paper to which religious denomination J. W. Goff, counsel for the Lecky Committee, belongs? Yours truly, W. VA.



THE CANINE GLEE CLUB.

THE SEAGOING TORPEDO-BOATS Nos. 3, 4, 5.

AN important and hitherto much neglected branch of our Naval Service is being brought to the front by the addition of these three torpedo-boats, and although as yet we are not able to rank with other naval powers, those that we have built are all of the first class in speed and fighting ability, and are not experiments. These boats are of the "Ericsson" type, only somewhat larger and faster, being 160 feet long, 16 feet beam and 5 feet draught of water, and displace 139 tons, 60 tons of it being machinery alone. Their speed will be 24 1-2 knots an hour, equal to nearly 28 1-2 miles; and with their three torpedo tubes, mounted on deck like breech-loading rifles, they are capable of discharging their torpedoes to any point of the compass, even with the boat under full speed and in quite a sea.

The balance of their battery consists of three rapid-fire 1 pdr. Hotchkiss rifles. As torpedo attack must be in the nature of a surprise, and is generally carried on under cover of fog or darkness, this arrangement of battery is a great advantage, as it enables the boats to approach the enemy as closely as possible, discharge

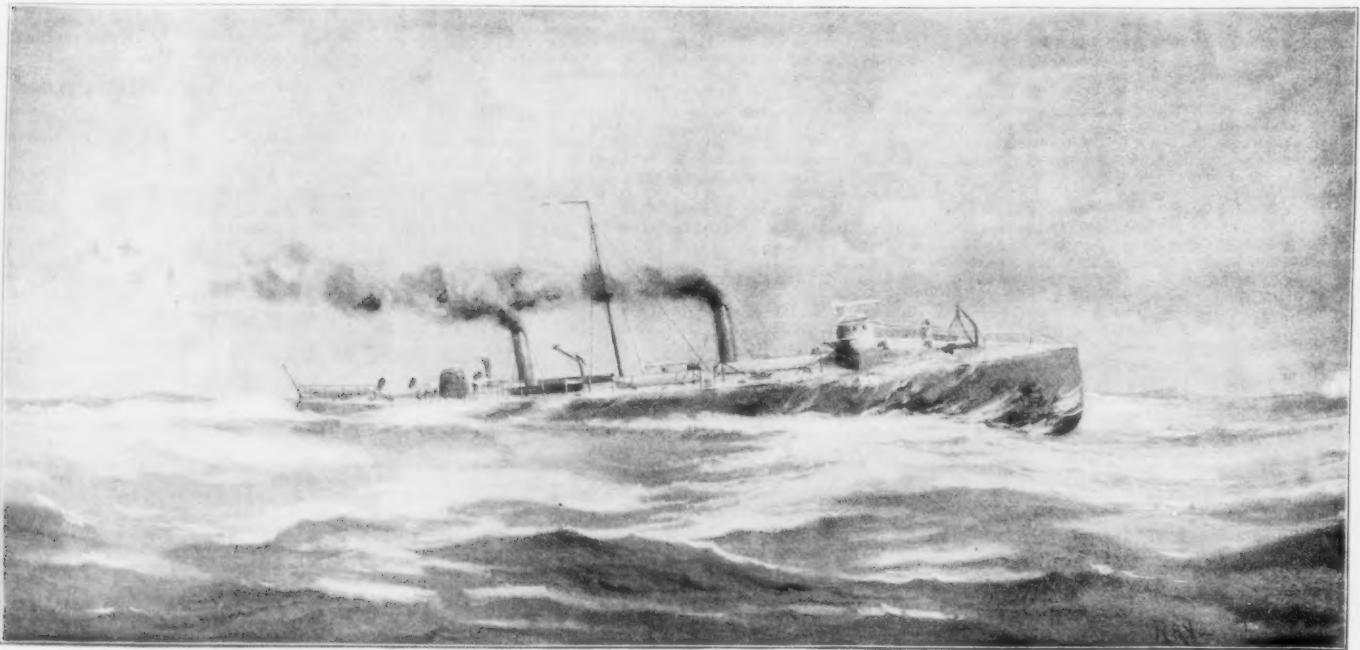
their torpedoes, and retreat without slowing down the speed, getting away from under fire as quickly as possible. The engines which enable them to do this are of the direct-acting, inverted-cylinder, triple-expansion type, developing, at a steam pressure of 240 pounds, 2,000 horse-power, and make 412 revolutions per minute without noise or vibration.

The color of these boats is dark gray-green, appearing almost black in the daytime; but at night, when moving, they are almost invisible on the water—even the battleships and cruisers with their powerful search-lights are unable to distinguish them until they are quite near. No sails are used, the little mast only being used for signals. Folding-boats are carried on deck, where the steel plates are covered by linoleum instead of planks, as that material is lighter than wood and gives a better foothold in wet weather. Electricity is used for general illumination, as well as running lights and signals.

WE now have six warships in Chinese and Japanese waters.

DEATH comes in many queer forms to unsuspecting mortals. The other day a Nebraska man died of laughter, the excessive risibility being brought on by hearing a joke which a friend repeated to him. (Was it through an excess of caution, fearing to become accessory to manslaughter, that the reports of the tragedy suppressed the joke?) A French lady recently fell into so violent a rage with a house agent that she dropped down dead, a victim of her most unnecessary passion. It is well to publish these facts. Society was not aware of the dreadful danger lurking in jokes and house agents, and should be warned against them as potential menaces to human life.

THE superb monument on which Grandi, the Italian sculptor, lavished his genius for twelve years has just been unveiled at Milan under pathetic circumstances. It commemorates the "Five Days" in 1848 in which the Austrians were driven out of Italy. Grandi died a few days before the ceremony, and his coffin, followed by an immense throng, was borne before the monument just as the splendid commemorative work was unveiled.



UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOATS, NOS. 3, 4 AND 5.



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OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.
PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—No. 4.
(See page 11.)

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

December 18.

I HAVE written before of the kid and leather trappings used on cloth and wool gowns. A gown of fancy blue velvet with pinhead dots of white in it is trimmed in a novel manner with white glove leather. The waist is arranged in box-plaits, held by a wide belt made of narrow strips of the leather, fastened with silver links. Three long tabs of the leather hang down on the skirt, front and back. These tabs are edged with a narrow fringe of silver balls. With this gown is worn a collar of white mousseline-de-soie, held by a slender silver chain and fastened in front with a silver clasp.

A very smart gown which took my fancy is of a rough green cloth with irregular dashes of white in it. The skirt is finished at the bottom with two straight folds of cadet blue velvet. The loose blouse has over it a tiny circular jacket of blue velvet which is brought around the arms and turned over upon the tops of the sleeves in slashed epaulettes, which are faced with white cloth and gold embroidered. The embroidered cloth is used for choker and belt.

An exquisite gown of cornflower-blue cloth is opened on one side over a panel of accordion-plaited yellow mull. On each side of the panel is a strip of wide jetted ecru lace, and over it are straps of jet cord connecting half-bows of black satin ribbon. The bodice has full plaited sleeves of the cloth, with an accordion-plaited blouse of yellow mull, held by jet straps, with a line of half-bows under each arm. The crush choker is of the jetted ecru lace, with a black satin bow on each side; and the sash is of the same, with a bow and long ends on each side of the front breadth of the skirt.

A dainty and useful visiting frock for a debutante is of tan broadcloth with a pinkish tinge. About the very bottom of the skirt is a puff of green velvet, headed by a border of sable; and, above that, a strip of brown and gold embroidery. The bodice has a round yoke of the embroidery and is held by a green velvet belt, edged with sable and a border of gold. The under-sleeves are of green velvet, with box-plaits over them of the embroidered tan cloth. The choker is a fluffy arrangement of pink mull, and the brown poke bonnet worn with the frock has rose trimmings.

Among the dainty trifles shown by the jewelers at this season of the year are exquisite umbrella handles of crystal with gold lizards coiled about them. With these comes a set of gold tips for the end of the ribs. Another stylish handle is of red agate in the shape of a duck's head with gold beak and tiny ruby eyes. Fanciful shapes are made of tortoise-shell and dull brown stones, richly ornamented, with gold, silver or shell tips completing the set. Some of the modish steel handles are studded with diamonds or pearls.

There is a rage for tortoise-shell, and the yellow shell, almost as clear as amber and showing no streaks, is the favorite. The fashion of combing the hair to wave over the tips of the ears has made side-combs almost a necessity. The newest are of the yellow tortoise with gems imbedded directly in the shell.

The chatelaine in vogue consists of a simple gold pin. To this is hung any gold trinkets that the wearer may prize or to which some association is attached; and they may be changed from time to time, to suit the occasion. The luck or birthstone should be worn hanging at the end of a slender chain. If the wearer is traveling, her chatelaine will hold a small

watch, a gold pencil, the gold-plated trunk-keys, a tiny box holding an equally tiny puff, and perhaps a pencil of lip rouge concealed in a gold case. If she is a serious-minded person, scissors, thimble-case, and perhaps an ivory and gold-covered memorandum-book will replace these frivolities.

I shall only mention the small gold cigarette-cases with diamond interrogation points on them, and with them come tiny gold boxes for wax tapers. These all find their place on the chatelaine of the mondaine.

The new fans come very small, in the

fancy is a bracelet consisting of a chain of different stones loosely linked together. Pins are made of old coins set in a dull gold rim, which is ornamented with opals, cat's-eyes or moonstones. Pearl studs and cuff links imitate buttons, with a tiny gold thread.

I have been looking at some fetching walking hats. They are often entirely made of fur, and show on each side a tiny bunch of quills or cock's feathers. A smart hat of black caracule has bunches of curled cock's feathers, one side of each feather being edged with chenille. These feathers are often jetted. Imitation

preferred. The fronts are closed with a double row of fancy bone buttons. The deep sailor collar ends in pointed lapels under a bright satin bow-knot, the edges being trimmed with braid. The shield is trimmed with braid at the top and closes invisibly under the lapel of the collar. The coatsleeves have simulated cuffs of the braid; the close-fitting knee-trousers being completed on each outside seam with three buttons to match those on the coat. Suits in this style are made of homespun, tweed, serge, cloth, melton, kersey and diagonal. A pretty fancy is to combine two shades of cloth, making the collar and shield of the lightest, trimmed with stitched bias straps of the darkest shade. Pattern No. 6225 is cut in four sizes—namely, for boys of four, six, eight and ten years.

The CHILD'S COAT, 6258, is one of the prettiest made this season. Gray-blue cashmere is the material used, with trimming of chinchilla fur. The coat and fancy bretelles are lined with India silk, an interlining of Canton flannel giving it the seasonable weight. The close-fitting short body closes down the centre front either invisibly with hooks and eyes or with buttons and buttonholes as preferred. Star-pointed ripple bretelles cross the shoulders, edged and headed with the fur trimming and finished at the waist with rosettes of baby ribbon. These bretelles fall gracefully over large puffs that are mounted on sleeve linings faced to cuff depth with the material and trimmed with fur at the wrists. The rolling collar is edged with fur. The full round skirt is finished at the bottom and front edges with deep hems gathered at the top and sewed to the lower edge of the body. This dressy little top garment can be made up in any of the seasonable coatings—cloth, camel's-hair, cheviot in plain or fancy weaves, whipcord, Bengaline, velvet or corduroy. Any preferred style of trimming or decoration may be adopted. Pattern 6258 is cut in four sizes—namely, for children of one, two, four and six years.

In the MISSES' WAIST, 6308, gray cloth is very attractively combined with cherry velvet and two-toned taffeta. The waist and sleeves are made of the cloth, the full vest of silk being arranged over smoothly fitted linings which close invisibly in centre front. The fanciful revers are of velvet edged with lace, the velvet outlining the fronts and finishing in loops at the waistline. Three straps of velvet trim the wrists of the full leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The stock collar is of taffeta with rosettes at the waist of the same. The stock can be omitted in favor of the plain collar supplied by the pattern. Varied combinations of materials in plain or plaid can be decorated with any of the fashionable garnitures now in vogue. The revers may be omitted if a plainer style of blouse is desired. This pattern, 6308, is cut in three sizes, for girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

The butterfly skirt shown in the LADIES' COSTUME, 6307, designed for visiting, street wear, or informal "at home" occasions, was built of silk and wool crepon in a rich petunia shade, the side back godets being cut and arranged at the top in a butterfly shape. The gored fronts present the flaring hem now in vogue. The bodice, in decided contrast to the skirt, is of buttercup satin, covered with black silk guipure lace, with straps of black velvet edged with narrow jet crossing the shoulders from the waistline, front and back. The full gigot sleeves, stock collar and belt are of black velvet. Many good combinations of material and color can be effected according to this mode. The sleeves and skirt made of the same material have a very chic appearance. The bodice may be of velvet trimmed with some fashionable garniture, or of satin veiled with chiffon or mousseline-de-soie. The whole costume would also look well made up of one material and trimmed to suit individual taste. This pattern, 6307, is cut in six sizes—namely, thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-two inches bust measure.



6225.—Boy's Suit.



6307.—Ladies' Afternoon Costume.



6258.—Child's Coat.



6308.—Misses' Waist.

fashion of the last century. The sticks are of beautifully carved mother-of-pearl, and they are painted with exquisite Watteau figures, or Pompadour bows and knots of roses. Some very effective fans are of black gauze with designs spangled on them. The sticks of pearl or tortoise are richly chased with gold. Some of the new watches are scarcely half an inch in diameter. A Cinderella slipper of blue enamel holding such a watch is hung to a chatelaine. A more decided novelty is the little watch set in the fashion of a collar-button. This is to be worn in the lapel of a jacket.

The jewelers show a pretty and useful arrangement for holding up the dress skirt. It consists of two strong gold safety-pins with a hook and eye attached. They come richly set with diamonds and rubies. All kinds of odd stones are fashionable, oddly shaped and oddly colored pearls, and yellow sapphires. A new

feathers of iridescent spangles are very stylish and effective. An owl's head surrounded by four wings is often placed on the front of these hats. The owl's heads and wings are sometimes dyed to match the hat.

ETHEL VIN FRIEND.

DRESS PATTERNS FOR JANUARY.

JANUARY is always a good month for home dressmaking. All the large shops hold sales about this time, and the wise purchaser finds many useful remnants and dress patterns at reduced prices. Handsome trimming may also be bought cheap, and as the majority of women find their exchequer replenished by gifts of money sent them at Christmas, there is no reason why they should not take advantage of the excellent opportunities just now afforded them of practicing true economy. When suitable and pretty material has been secured, the next most important consideration is the pattern on which to make it up. Readers of ONCE A WEEK will have no difficulty in following the newest styles in ladies' and children's garments, since patterns of all the leading modes may be obtained on application made in accordance with the directions contained in the coupon on this page.

Many mothers are more concerned about the wardrobes of their little ones than about their own. It is certainly one of the greatest pleasures of motherhood to be able to contrive picturesque and comfortable costumes for the small members of the family. Little material is required to produce an eminently satisfactory result. The Boy's Suit, 6225, shown here represents the first school suit made for a little man of four, but the style is also adapted for boys up to ten years of age. This suit is made of a darker shade. The double-breasted coat is worn with a dark-brown leather belt in tunic fashion, which can be omitted if

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No. 6307.....inchesinchesyears
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BY "A BLUE APRON."

DELICIOUS CAKES.—Beat the yolks of four eggs with eight ounces of pounded sugar until quite light, add eight ounces of flour in alternate spoonfuls, with the stiffly whipped whites of eight eggs, then beat in eight ounces of dissolved (but not hot) butter. Spread the mixture on a papered baking sheet and bake it about half an hour. Turn the cake when baked on to a sheet of paper, and cover one side at once with the following mixture: Eight ounces of ground almonds, one pound of icing sugar, the yolks of two eggs and the juice of half a lemon. Cover the cake and place it in a cool oven to dry, but not to bake; then remove it to cool. Now stir three-quarters of a pound of sifted icing sugar with the juice of a small lemon for about fifteen minutes, cover the almond paste with the icing; cut the cake neatly into various-shaped pieces and place them on a pastry rack to dry.

SWEETBREAD FRITTERS.—Take any remains of cooked sweetbread and cut into neat little pieces, season with lemon-juice and white pepper, dip them in frying batter, and fry a golden brown. Arrange neatly and dust them over with coriander pepper, parmesan cheese, and fried parsley finely minced. Serve very hot.

Mr. Oldbear—"Now, please don't give me that old chestnut about being a sister."

Miss Vera Young—"You mistake me, sir; I was merely about to remark that I am willing to be a widow to you."

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

VIBRATIONS OF A CRYSTAL WINE-GLASS.

NEARLY fill with water a very thin and very sonorous crystal wine-glass, and place over the rim, after drying it well, a pasteboard cross with four equal branches. It may be cut from a postal card. Fold down at right angles the extremities of the branches, in order to prevent the cross from slipping off. If you will now cause the glass to vibrate by rubbing any part of its outer surface with the moistened finger, as you would to make it "sing," the glass will emit a



sound, and, moreover, the following curious phenomenon will be produced: If your finger has rubbed the glass directly under any of the branches of the cross, the cross will remain immovable; but if, on the contrary, the friction takes place on a part of the glass between the branches, the cross will immediately begin to turn slowly round, as if obeying some magic influence, and will not stop until the extremity of one of its branches reaches a point directly over that rubbed by the finger. By moving the finger gradually round the glass, the cross may be made to turn as long as desired.

This very simple experiment demonstrates the existence of what, in acoustics, are termed the nodal points and the sounding portions of sonorous bodies. The nodal points, where the branches of

the cross stop moving, are the points at which the rim of the glass remains motionless; the sounding portions, situated between the nodal points, are, on the contrary, as their name indicates, the points at which the vibrations of the rim are most sensible, and on which the branches of the cross could not therefore remain at rest.

CHESS.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

THE third annual college tournament commenced last week at the Harvard School, New York. At the end of the third round Harvard's representatives were in the lead, S. M. Ballou being credited with three won games and no losses, and Walter Van Kleeck with two clear victories and a draw. From present indications, therefore, the trophies should go to the wearers of the crimson.

The issue of the tournament appeared to turn on Ballou's cleverly won game in the third round with Arthur Bumstead, Yale's strongest player. Both men were aware of the crucial nature of the contest and fought hard for victory. The game was a fair sample of the kind of chess played by the students, and accordingly we give the moves below.

Of almost equal interest was a game in the second round, in which R. L. Ross, Yale's substitute for A. E. Skinner, met L. B. Seymour of Princeton. Ross offered a Queen's Gambit, which Seymour declined by P-K 3. For a dozen moves a parallel position was maintained, black, however, putting himself in a position of peril by casting too soon. Of this white failed to take advantage. On the inevitable interchange that followed the close play Ross gave up a rook and a pawn for a bishop and a knight. Queens and rooks were then interchanged without much ceremony, and on the thirty-eighth move Seymour accepted a draw.

Columbia and Princeton, being represented by new men unaccustomed to the trials of a formal tourney, will probably accept with good grace the third and fourth positions, and make a better show next year. Now that the Eastern universities have shown the way for three successive years, it is time for the college boys of the West to take up the intercollegiate tournament idea. The mathematician's game ought not to lack skilled devotees in the Western States. Noting Columbia's fall this year from the position it has held for two years, one is led to reflect that it will be a long time before the trophy becomes the exclusive property of any one college. Ten successive victories are necessary to achieve that end.

SHOWALTER BEATS ALBIN.

When Adolf Albin met J. W. Showalter in the last game of their match on Friday at the Manhattan Club the result of the contest was by no means a foregone conclusion. The games then stood 9 to 7, with 8 drawn. Albin had made a lucky fight since the resuming of the match at the close of the Masters' Tournament, decreasing continually the odds created by the previous play of his opponent, and the outcome was still uncertain. The twenty-fifth game was opened by Albin with a Ruy Lopez, and before long it was evident that, being uncertain of his position, the Austrian was playing for a draw. One by one Showalter succeeded in capturing his pawns until, after the interchange of more important pieces, white found himself with a rook and a bishop to a rook and a knight, and four pawns less than black. By sacrificing a pawn and offering the sacrifice of the bishop Albin then attempted to place himself in a position of stalemate; but Showalter cleverly released the king and refused the bishop, and Albin was compelled to acknowledge defeat. This match, which has run a long and interesting course, was made last summer for a stake of four hundred dollars. The unusual proportion of drawn games is explained by the fact that Albin several times played for the draw instead of risking an uncertain attack.

J. W. Baird has returned to New York after an interesting tour in Europe, in the course of which he upheld the credit of American chess players at the Leipsic tournament and captured several prizes in England.

C. W. (of Sunbury) is one of England's clever problemists who elects to hide his personality under initials, but can nevertheless construct a very neat problem. His latest (No. 10) has some interesting variations, following a simple key-move, and we commend it to the attention of our solvers.

PLAYED IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

Arthur Bumstead (Yale) opens with a Zukertort, sacrificing a pawn in order to gain the attack. At the eighteenth move white appears to have the best of the game, but black (S. M. Ballou of Har-

vard) succeeds in reversing the condition of things and wins in good style after forty-five moves.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Bumstead.)	(Ballou.)	(Bumstead.)	(Ballou.)
1 K-K B 3	P-Q 4	25 Q-B 2	K-R R
2 P-Q 4	P-K 3	26 E-R	Q-Q B 5
3 P-B 4	K-K B 3	27 K-R Q B	P-Q 5
4 K-B 3	Q-K Q 2	28 P x P	P x P
5 P-B 5	P-Q K 3	29 Q-K 2	Q x Q
6 P-Q K 4	R-K 2	30 K x Q	P-K 4
7 P-K 4	P-Q R 4	31 P-B 4	R x P
8 Q-R 4	Castles	32 R x R	R x R
9 B-Q 2	B-K 2	33 R-B 8 (ch)	K-B
10 R-Q B	R-P x P	34 K x K 1	P-B 3
11 Q x P	R-R 2	35 P x P	P x P
12 Q-K 1	P x P	36 R-K 8	P-Q 6
13 Q-K K 5	R-R	37 R-Q 8	P-Q 7
14 P x P	K x P	38 K-B	P-K 5
15 R-K 4	K-K Q 2	39 K x P	P-K 6
16 R-K 2	R-R 3	40 K-K 3	R-K 7
17 R-Q 4	B-K 1	41 K-B	R-Q 7
18 Q x B	B-Q 3	42 R x K 1 (ch)	K x R
19 Castles	K-K 5	43 K-B	R-Q 8 (ch)
20 K-B 6	Q-R 5	44 K-K 2	R x K 1
21 B x B	K x B	45 K x P	R-B 8
22 K-Q 4	K x B	46 Resigns.	
23 K x K 1	P-Q B 4		
24 K x B 3	R-R 4		

PROBLEM NO. 10.—By C. W. (of Sunbury, Eng.)
BLACK (six pieces).



WHITE (five pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROB. NO. 7.—By A. WESTENBURG.
Key-move.—K-K 6. If B x K 1, Q mates; if B moves, Q mates at Q sq.; if K-K 7, K-Q 4 mates; if R moves, Q K 1 mates at K 5.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Nugent and S. Treinis, N. Y.—Solution to No. 7 correct.

W. H. McKee, Athens, Ohio.—Your solution is correct. Will be glad to hear from you again.

Readers are invited to solve and criticize problems published in ONCE A WEEK. Two weeks will be allowed to pass between the publication of a problem and its solution.

ETCHINGS.

A PRIVATE dance. The room filled with whirling couples. Ladies clad in gay colors; men in sombre evening dress.

Couple after couple flit by. Ah, this girl in blue, laughing up at her partner! See, one of the bows from her gown has fallen off. It is whisked into a corner by the many skirts, there to be seen and picked up by one of the men. Poor fellow—he is very impressionable.

The music has ceased. The man with the bow excuses himself from his late partner, and approaches the girl in blue. "Miss X, your property, I believe?" "Ah, yes, thanks; but you may keep it, if you wish."

"Really, may I? You are very kind." "Thanks."

Poor fellow—he is very impressionable. She gave it lightly: he accepted it eagerly. For him the remainder of the dance was ecstasy. For her? Who can read a woman?

A bachelor's den. Diligently the author wrote on. Over his desk a picture—"Knights of Old"—with blue bow in

the corner. Ever and anon he looked to it for inspiration.

Was he renowned? The blue bow had inspired him. Was he charitable? The blue bow had pleaded with him. Was he noble? The blue bow had kept him pure. Yes, it was his guiding star.

Diligently the author wrote on. A plea for the elevation of man to the same moral plane as woman. Ever and anon he looked to the blue bow for inspiration. "Why two standards of morals?" "Why judge woman by the stricter, man by the more lenient?" "Why condone in man what we condemn in woman?"

Diligently the author wrote on. Drawing a fresh sheet to him he wrote: "Dedicated to the Owner of the Blue Bow."

A room in a private dwelling in the heart of the city. Pictures on the walls. Over the dressing-table, "Knights of Old," with blue bow in the corner.

Fixedly the man seated in front of it gazes at it. "And to-night she marries."

Slowly he puffs his cigar. The bell rings dinner. Still he sits in front of the picture. A knock at the door. "Enter."

"Dinner is announced, sir."

"Ah, yes, thanks; never mind me."

A fresh cigar.

Visions cloud the smoke. Visions of the jolliest, brightest, loveliest girl float before him. "And to-night she marries."

Visions of a home of his own, over which a girl in blue presides. Visions of children, and the girl in blue the mother. Visions of a happy married life, and the wife the girl in blue. "And to-night she marries."

G. GARRISON FRIEND.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gaming resorts, reached by the B. & O. R. R. address (Chas. O. Seull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

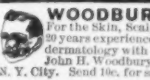


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(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PLAYED IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT.

Arthur Bumstead (Yale) opens with a Zukertort, sacrificing a pawn in order to gain the attack. At the eighteenth move white appears to have the best of the game, but black (S. M. Ballou of Har-

